

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

A MELODRAMA WITH MUSIC

IN THREE ACTS

By John Van Antwerp

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SAMUEL FRENCH



kansas city, missouri

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THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

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THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

STORY OF THE PLAY

Harry Howard, a noble young man, joins the Blue Bird Hose Boys, a democratic branch of the fire department. Their bitter rivals are the aristocratic Red Hearts, led by the snobbish and villainous Napoleon Markham.

Harry and Daphne Vanderpool, foster daughter of Adolphus Vanderpool, the Fox of Wall Street, become enamoured with each other. Markham, who is a treacherous partner of the old Fox, schemes to win her hand. He is aided and abetted by Vesta Violet, a fascinating siren. The scoundrelly Markham tries his wiles and on being thwarted he sets fire to the Vanderpool mansion while the occupants are asleep. Harry and his Blue Birds arrive in time to save his love and her foster parent and through a locket which Harry's mother gave him, he turns out to be Mr. Vanderpool's long lost son.

There are singing and dancing numbers interspersed throughout the play.

The Vocal Score of "The Fireman's Flame"
is published at \$2.50 per copy

John and Jerrold Krimsky
Present
THE FIREMAN'S FLAME
A Musical Melodrama
By JOHN VAN ANTWERP
Lyrics by Ted Fetter
Music by Richard Lewine
Musical Numbers Staged by Morgan Lewis
Sets Designed and Executed by Eugene Dunkel

ALL STAR CAST
in order of appearance

NAPOLEON MARKHAM, foreman of the Red Hearts

MISS SNODGRASS	Alan Handley
MISS CABOT	Anna Erskine
HARRY HOWARD, a volunteer fireman	Julie Hartwell
MOSE, a Blue Bird Hose Boy	Ben Cutler
NOZZLE, a Blue Bird Hose Boy	Harry Meehan
Mrs. HOWARD, HARRY's mother	Isham Keith
JENNY	Cynthia Rogers
DAPHNE VANDERPOOL, an heiress	Rose Lieder
ADOLPHUS VANDERPOOL, her foster father	Cynthia Rogers
VESTA VIOLET, alias Mrs. Prestongrange	Phillip Bourneuf
BEDLINGTON	Grace Coppin
BOWERY B'Hoy	Sellwyn Myers
POLICEMAN	Bruce Gordon
RENSSELAER	George Spelvin
MAYOR WICKHAM	George Stinchfield
	Howard Fischer

FIRE BELLES

Anna Erskine	Margaret Ballentine	Eleanor Dixon	Jo Ann Lee
Julie Hartwell		Honey Sinclair	Christie Gillespie

RED HEART AND BLUE BIRD VOLUNTEERS

Lee Burke	Bruce Gordon	George Stinchfield
Sellwyn Myer	James Hayes	Remington Olmstead
	Howard Fischer	

ACT I

SCENE 1. Outside the Firehouse

Song: "Hose Boys"	Blue Bird Boys
	Red Heart Boys

SCENE 2. Garret Room

SCENE 3. Outside the Firehouse

Song: "The Fireman's Flame"	
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	—Miss Gillespie and ensemble
"Fire Belles Gallop"	Pony Ballet

SCENE 4. *A Street in Front of the Vanderpool Mansion.*

SCENE 5. *Room Inside of the Vanderpool Mansion*

SCENE 6. *Fireman's Ball at The Academy of Music*

Song: "Doin' the Waltz".....VESTA and ensemble

Song: "We're Off".....Blue Bird Boys

OLIOS

1. Harry Meehan, the Irish Thrush, and Singing Waitresses

Dale Carter Audrey Edmonds Mildred Kent Mary Thomas

Dorothy White Helen Spina Virginia Deane Wilma Davis

ACT II

SCENE 1. *Acker, Merrall and Condit's Soda Parlor*

Song: "Do My Eyes Deceive Me"

—DAPHNE, HARRY and ensemble

SCENE 2. *Room Inside the Vanderpool Mansion*

SCENE 3. *Inside the Firehouse*

Song: "Mother Isn't Getting Any Younger"

—MOSE

SCENE 4. *Office of Vanderpool and Izzard, Wall Street*

SCENE 5. *The Battery*

Song: "It's A Lovely Night on the Hudson River"

—HARRY, DAPHNE and ensemble

Dance by Miss Sinclair

OLIOS

1. Song: Singing Waitresses

ACT III

SCENE 1. *Office of Vanderpool and Izzard, Wall Street*

SCENE 2. *Outside the Vanderpool Mansion*

Song: "I Like the Nose on Your Face"

—JENNY, NOZZLE and ensemble

SCENE 3. *Inside the Firehouse*

SCENE 4. *Panorama of Broadway*

SCENE 5. *Street in Front of the Vanderpool Mansion*

Finale Ensemble

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

HARRY HOWARD: *An honest, upright, ambitious youth, physically well-built, mentally somewhat single-tracked by his burning desire to be a good fireman. Everything he does is with the most complete seriousness and sincerity. He has absolutely no sense of humor or whiskers.*

NAPOLEON MARKHAM: *A blood of the period, frequenter of Delmonico's, daring Wall Street operator, and especially proud of the volunteer fire company he commands, which all the wealthy young men in New York aspire to join. Wears moustache and sideburns.*

MRS. HOWARD: *Harry's mother. Old, poorly-dressed and unkempt, but carrying shreds of past dignity.*

DAPHNE VANDERPOOL (*Played by the same actress*): *Charming, but, like Harry, inclined to be a trifle on the serious side, except that her feminine weakness sometimes makes her falter, while Harry never wavers.*

ADOLPHUS VANDERPOOL: *Her foster father, the Fox of Wall Street. A "Foxy Grandpa" in appearance and character. A sly old devil, and a worshipper of Mammon, he is redeemed by his love for Daphne.*

VESTA VIOLET: *The real villain of the piece, and more than a match for even Markham. She can be smooth and alluring, with the aid of her dubious Continental background, but when she is alone with the audience her venomous nature bursts forth, far more horrible than it would be in a male villain.*

JENNY: *The girl who lives next to the firehouse. A good girl who bears the unmistakable signs of having been betrayed, until finally she is made happy again by Nozzle.*

NOZZLE: *An honest young fireman whose vulgar manner of speech belies the delicacy of his sentiments.*

MOSE: *An old volunteer, proud as a turkey-cock, always ready for a fight and taking every situation in his stride, but with a heart of gold.*

MISSES SNOGRASS and CABOT: *Two flighty debutantes of the period. Miss Cabot speaks with a broad Boston "A."*

RENSSELAER: *A dashing Red Heart volunteer.*

BEDLINGTON: *An elegant footman.*

MAYOR WICKHAM: *A patriarchal man with an impressive black beard.*

STOOGE: *He sits in the audience.*

NOTE: *All parts should be played straight, the dramatic situations presented with the utmost sincerity, but played to the hilt and with a fast pace. Any tendency of the actors to show that they are in on the joke, or play with tongue in cheek, will detract from the amusement of the audience. The STOOGE lines should not seem to be too well rehearsed, nor should the actors react too obviously. Names of well-known local personages or places can be substituted if desired.*

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

ACT ONE

SCENE I

Outside the Firehouse.

All sets are constructed of drop curtains hung across the back of the stage, with the scenes, including pieces of furniture and certain properties, painted on the drop. There are sets of wings masking the sides of the stage, which remain the same throughout the show.

Two drops: The downstage drop shows the exterior of the firehouse, with doors cut through Left Center and Right Center. One of these is the entrance to the BLUE BIRD quarters, Right Center; the other to those of the RED HEARTS, Left Center. There are ornamental emblems painted over the doors, the insignia of the volunteers; the rest of the curtain is painted to represent brickwork. The upstage drop is that used in Act II, Scene III.

Exterior firehouse, stage divided in middle. BLUE BIRDS discovered on stage Right Center cleaning their fire hose. They have three pails, six assorted mops and brooms.

SONG—"Hose Boys"

Who's sure to turn up
When things start to burn up?
The Blue Bird hose boys.
Who save your taxes
By wielding their axes?
The Blue Bird hose boys.
When blazes are dire
Who gets out of bed
And reaches the fire
An hour ahead?
Who saves your daughter
By pouring on water?
The Blue Bird hose boys.

Who to a man-oh
 Will save your piano?
 And who keeps arrivin'
 With blankets to dive in?
 The Blue Bird hose boys do.

(BLUE BIRDS exit Right Center into their firehouse. Enter RED HEARTS, led by MARKHAM, from RED HEART side, Left Center.)

MARKHAM.

Who are the brightest,
 The socially rightest?

ALL.

The Red Heart hose boys.

MARKHAM.

Whose gay cotillions
 Are envied by millions?

ALL.

The Red Heart hose boys.
 Who are the slickest
 In buttons and braid
 And who are the quickest
 To start a parade?
 Who sing the loudest?
 Whose girls are the proudest?
 The Red Heart hose boys.
 Who rides you gratis
 On their apparatus?
 And who fight the fire
 But never perspire?
 The Red Heart hose boys do.

(They collapse in a heap on the stage. MARKHAM speaks.)

MARKHAM. Attention, men! (They ALL stand up in soldier fashion. COLLINGSWOOD's hat is reversed.) Attention! Dress right, Collingswood, old boy. Reverse your headpiece. I expect a few young ladies along directly and I want you all to look your best. Collingswood! About face. That's better. Oh —here come the ladies—or I miss my guess.

(Enter MISS CABOT and MISS SNODGRASS Right i.)

MISS CABOT. Good gracious, what an array of swells!
 MARKHAM. Good morning, Miss Snodgrass—

MISS SNODGRASS. (*Crossing Left with Miss CABOT*) Mr. Markham, may I present my friend, Miss Cabot, of Boston.

MISS CABOT. How do you do, Mr. Markham?

MARKHAM. It is an honor, Miss Cabot!

MISS CABOT. I've heard so much about you and your Red Hearts—Goodness, if we had a brigade like yours on Beacon Hill the whole town would be all a-twitter!

MARKHAM. (*Starts introductions*) Gentlemen, this is Miss Cabot, Miss Snodgrass—This is Mr. Rensselaer, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Rockingham—(*He goes on with the introductions, etc., etc., as HARRY enters Right 1. The GIRLS are busy on the other side of the stage. HARRY approaches.*)

HARRY. (*To RENSSELAER*) Please, Mister, have you an opening in your fire brigade for a young man?

RENSSELAER. (*A RED HEART*) Be gone, boy—we're busy.

HARRY. But sir, I have run with the engine for several years. I envy you men who risk your life daily to protect the widow and orphan. I should like, if possible, to be one of you.

RENSSELAER. Ho-ho—here's sport, men. Markham, look who wants to join the Red Hearts.

MARKHAM. (*To HARRY*) Indeed? (*Then to the LADIES*) Excuse me, ladies, but here's where we have a bit of fun. (*Crosses to HARRY*) So, my boy, you want to join this brigade?

HARRY. Yes, sir—I believe I can master all the details of a fireman's calling.

MARKHAM. Indeed? And have you any other qualifications?

HARRY. (*Surprised*) What other qualifications are required to discharge the duties of a volunteer fireman?

MARKHAM. Boys, he wants to know what other qualifications are required to be a Red Heart Hose Boy.

(*ALL laugh in unison.*)

1ST RED HEART. Is your father a member of the Stock Exchange?

HARRY. Why—no.

2ND RED HEART. Are you a member of the Racket and Tennis Club?

HARRY. Why—no.

RENSSELAER. Have you any reputation as a bon vivant?

HARRY. Why—no.

MARKHAM. And yet he wants to be a Red Heart Hose Boy.

(*All laugh in unison.*) I wouldn't wonder, boys, if it wasn't a practical joke by yonder crowd of hoodlums. Look here, Smart Aleck, we're not for having our legs pulled.

RENSSELAER. Let's douse him, boys! (*They seize the luckless lad and drag him in firehouse Left Center.*)

MARKHAM. Yes. Take him inside and wet him down. Come, ladies, we'll take a turn and then I'll show you the firehouse. Rensselaer, have the wine cooled.

RENSSELAER. Very good, sir! (*He exits after the OTHERS; MARKHAM and the LADIES exit Left. NOZZLE and MOSE enter from the Blue Bird House, when HARRY is thrown out of the Red Heart firhouse. MOSE and NOZZLE pick HARRY up.*)

NOZZLE. We saw all that happened from the doorway.

MOSE. Yez have got the right spirit, my lad.

NOZZLE. You want to be a volunteer fireman?

HARRY. More than anything else in the world.

NOZZLE. What's your name?

HARRY. Harry Howard, at your service.

NOZZLE. Nozzle is mine.

MOSE. Mose is mine.

NOZZLE. Let's feel your arm— Ah, youse have a good biceps, a clear eye, and a trim waist. Youse have proved to us that you have sand and grit, which is all the qualification required to be a Blue Bird volunteer.

HARRY. You mean—

MOSE. We wants you to be one of us.

HARRY. A Blue Bird volunteer! At last I have taken my first step up the ladder to—who knows what?

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE I

ACT ONE

SCENE II

LIGHTS up.

A Garret Room:

A drop, painted in perspective, with a sloping ceiling, a cobweb-covered skylight and cracked plaster contributing to the look of squalor. A rather hideous and unusually large canary in a standing cage is pictured Right Center on back drop, also a dresser. A dilapidated portmanteau at Center. A real rocking chair is placed under the bird-cage.

MRS. HOWARD (MOTHER) is seated in chair Right Center, her

son, HARRY, Left of her, standing over her with an expression of anxiety.

HARRY. Mother, you do not look well today. Allow me to fetch a doctor.

MOTHER. No, Harry, it is your imagination. (*Aside*) I dare not tell him that we cannot afford a doctor.

HARRY. Still I am worried about you. I will not go to the firehouse tonight.

MOTHER. No, no, Harry. You must think of your career.

HARRY. I will ask them for a night off—my first in seven years.

MOTHER. Perhaps today may come the golden opportunity. How should I feel were I the means of preventing you from meeting it?

HARRY. Heaven knows how you have helped me on. You are more than a mother to me. (*Kneels.*)

MOTHER. Harry, there is something I must tell you.

HARRY. Yes, Mother.

MOTHER. My—my spectacles are in the next room.

HARRY. Yes, Mother. (*He exits Left. CANARY whistles. She rises and delivers first part of line to the bird.*)

MOTHER. Ah, Goldie, I could not bring myself to tell him. A hundred times I have been on the point of doing so, but each time my old cursed pride prevented me. I must find the locket. (*Crosses to an old portmanteau; takes out locket through slit in drop*) Thank Heaven, it is still here. My Harry's father! How handsome he looks. And I—I was so young, so lovely, so gay. And now my heart, I fear it will not last me longer. (*Sits*) Eh, Goldie? (*CANARY whistle.*)

HARRY. (*Enters Left*) I could not find your spectacles, Mother.

MOTHER. This locket, Harry, it is—very dear. Wear it next your heart— (*HARRY kneels, taking locket*) It is your—your—

(*Enter BLUE BIRD Boy Right. HARRY jumps up.*)

Boy. They're fighting at the Firehouse. You're wanted, Harry.

HARRY. I must go. (*Rushes out Right with Boy.*)

MOTHER. (*Rising*) What price a hero for a son! (*Collapses in chair.*)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE II

ACT ONE

SCENE III

*LIGHTS up.**Exterior of Firehouse. Same as Act I—Scene I.*

TWO RED HEARTS holding Nozzle by arms. MARKHAM ready to hit him. JENNY looks on.

MARKHAM. I'll teach you Blue Birds to stay on your own side of the firehouse. (*Hits Nozzle, knocking him offstage Right Center. SLAP is heard from offstage.*)

HARRY. (*Enters Right*) You can't do that to my Nozzle.

MARKHAM. Come in, young man, so I can hammer you.

(RENSSELAER, *entering Right, knocks HARRY out with lead pipe. BONK is heard offstage.*)

JENNY. Napoleon, that was as pretty a conk on the beezer as ever I seed.

MARKHAM. To the victors belong the spoils, Jenny. Where are the rest of the girls? Fetch the pony ballet from Wood's Museum next door, and we'll have a bit of festivity before going to our clambake at McSorley's Tavern.

(*Enter GIRLS from Left.*)

RENSSELAER. Ah, here they are now.

ROCKINGHAM. (*A RED HEART*) Come on, girls. Sing us one of your songs.

BOYS. Yes! Yes! Do!

(FIRE BELLE steps forward. FIREMEN and other FIRE BELLES pose up stage. SONG—"The Fireman's Flame.")

FIRE BELLE.

Oh, listen to the tale of the Fireman's Flame,
A lady who couldn't play fair.
She swore that she'd be his'n,
And she'd rather go to prison
Than to ever do a thing that wasn't on the square.

ENSEMBLE.

Than to ever do a thing that wasn't on the square.

FIRE BELLE.

Oh, what an awful liar, the fireman's flame,
'Cause after she'd told him she'd care,

She succumbed to the desire
Of a South Chicago buyer
Who had come to town to look at ladies' underwear.

ENSEMBLE.

He was interested in seeing ladies' underwear.

FIRE BELLE.

The fireman never knew
Till one night an alarm came through.
He rushed to the scene of the blaze,
A burning hotel met his gaze,
And there in a window above,
He was shocked by the sight of his love!
She was trapped there in the fire
With that South Chicago buyer
Who was interested in ladies' underwear!
But the fireman's nerves were steady
As he yelled, "The blanket's ready!"
And they both came catapulting through the air.
Now opinion is divided
And it's never been decided
Why when they arrived the blanket wasn't there.

ENSEMBLE.

So, ladies, take a tip from the fireman's flame,
From traveling men be aloof—

FIRE BELLE.

But if you take a flyer
With a South Chicago buyer,
Then be sure the darn hotel you pick is fireproof.

ENSEMBLE.

So, ladies, take a tip from the fireman's flame,
From traveling men be aloof—
But if you take a flyer
With a South Chicago buyer,
Then be sure the darn hotel you pick is fireproof.

(FIREMEN pose upstage as PONY BALLET goes into gallop. The GIRLS dance offstage Left. MARKHAM speaks.)

MARKHAM. Come, boys, we're off. We had a big day on Wall Street today and the little necks are all on me.

ROCKINGHAM. If the alarm goes off the Blue Birds will get the jump on us.

MARKHAM. (Looks in Right Center door; sees them all cold) Don't worry about the Blue Birds. Come to McSorley's Tavern. (Exits Left. Enter HARRY and NOZZLE from Right Center.)

NOZZLE. Jeez—what a conk. (*ALARM rings. Enter MOSE and other BLUE BIRDS Right Center.*)

MOSE. Chief! Chief! The Chief's knocked out cold. Youse have got to be foreman, Harry.

HARRY. My golden opportunity! Heaven help me to clear myself with honor. Will you follow me, men?

ALL. Yes!

HARRY. Forward, then, to glory! (*Exit ALL Right Center.*)

(Enter MARKHAM and RED HEARTS Left.)

MARKHAM. They're taking their apparatus out.

RENSSELAER. Harry Howard leads them today.

MARKHAM. Harry Howard! We will follow and show them one or two Red Heart tricks. (*They exit into Left Center.*)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE III

ACT ONE

SCENE IV

LIGHTS up.

A street in front of the Vanderpool Mansion:

One drop, the facade of a large greystone house, with a short flight of steps leading up to the front door. Hydrants Right and Center. Fire off stage Right. Fire GONG ringing. Enter BLUE BIRDS Left with hose, led by HARRY. Attach hose to hydrant.

HARRY. Number One butt, attach your hose!

(*Exit BLUE BIRDS Right 2. Enter RED HEARTS Left with hose, led by MARKHAM.*)

MARKHAM. Seize their hose and attach ours. Number Two butt, wet down that building. Go see about the horses.

(*RED HEART HOSE BOY throws off BLUE BIRD hose and attaches RED HEART hose. RED HEARTS, except MARKHAM, exit Right 2. Enter NOZZLE Right 1.*)

NOZZLE. Harry, look, they've stolen our water!

(Enter HARRY and MOSE Right 1. Cross to MARKHAM, Center.)

HARRY. This is another one of your dastard plots, Markham.

MOSE. If dey wants a muss dey'll get a muss!

DAPHNE. (Enter DAPHNE VANDERPOOL, Right 1. Discovers she cannot cross the hose in the street) Oh!

HARRY. (Turning) Harry Howard at your service, Ma'am; Allow me to conduct you to a place of safety. (Aside) She reminds me of my mother. (Helps her over hose to Left.)

DAPHNE. Thank you, sir, but do not detain yourself on my account, for I perceive your presence may be required. (HARRY salutes. She goes to stoop. HARRY and MARKHAM meet down Center.)

HARRY. Markham, we arrived first. According to the rules, the hydrant is ours. First come, first served.

MARKHAM. (Pushes HARRY in the face) Yours, eh? Then try and take it. (BLUE BIRDS and RED HEARTS enter and stand back of their respective chiefs.)

HARRY. (Facing front, determinedly) Very well, I shall. (He strips to the buff resolutely. MARKHAM follows suit carelessly. They square off. HARRY hits MARKHAM, who falls into arms of RED HEARTS—they throw him back. MARKHAM hits HARRY; knocks him into BLUE BIRDS, who throw him back three times —on the third while he is still in the arms of his men) I have taken your hardest, Markham. Now it is my turn. (BLUE BIRDS throw him in and as he is about to hit MARKHAM a BELL off stage rings—end of round. NOZZLE kneels. HARRY sits on his knee. MOSE fans him. Two RED HEARTS perform the same for MARKHAM. Almost immediately BELL rings. HARRY hits MARKHAM, knocking him out. RED HEARTS drag him off Left) Start her lively, boys! Shake her up, boys! Shake her up! Start your water! (Exit HARRY Right 2. BLUE BIRDS attach hose; start water off Right.)

DAPHNE. (Watching from stoop) There they go! He's leading them right into the heart of the blaze! They are squirting water! He has rushed into the orphanage and out again with two orphans under his arms. Thank Heaven he's safe! Inside once more and out again with three orphans! The flames are extinguished! They are cheering Harry Howard. (She faces front) Oh, were I a man I'd be a fireman!

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE IV.

ACT ONE

SCENE V

*LIGHTS up.**Room inside of the Vanderpool Mansion:*

A drop, with masking. A Victorian "library," replete with ornate and stuffy relics of the period, including fringed furniture, marble statuary and heavy drapes. A French window, framed by potted palms, at Right, cut through, but with a heavy scrim making it practically opaque. A "portrait of Mr. Vanderpool as a youth" painted on the wall at extreme R. Real table and chair Center.

ADOLPHUS VANDERPOOL discovered in an armchair, at table Center, playing solitaire. Rises.

STOOGE. (*In audience*) You're cheating.

ADOLPHUS. (*Meditatively*) They call me the Old Fox of Wall Street, but only Daphne understands me. Perhaps they are right—I am a bitter old man. Ever since the night my wife fled out into the snow taking my youngest son, Henry—Ah, memories, memories! (*Passing hand across his brow*) To think that she would fall in love with my partner, Michael Izzard, whom I made from a messenger into a millionaire. Yes, but I discovered that, and discovered he intended to liquidate his wealth and flee with her to Italy. A romantic plan, but I soon fixed that. Italy, hah! I falsified his accounts so that he appeared guilty of peculation, but the police arrived too late. He had already committed suicide by eating Paris Green. The note he left begged my forgiveness and conjured me to care for his infant daughter, left homeless. She was Daphne. I took her into my home, and she has grown up to be the one consolation of my bitter old age. Yes, they call me the flinty Old Fox, but maybe Daphne knows better.

MARKHAM. (*MARKHAM enters Left 1*) How are you feeling today, Mr. Vanderpool?

ADOLPHUS. A bit rusty, Markham. Did you manage at the office without me?

MARKHAM. Yes, sir. You really do not have to come at all now. I can carry on there.

ADOLPHUS. Markham, you must uncover our mysterious opponent on the Stock Exchange. (*Crosses to MARKHAM'S Left*) His operations on the floor yesterday alone cost us three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

MARKHAM. Leave him to me, Mr. Vanderpool. I will unmask him before the month is up.

ADOLPHUS. Show him no mercy.

DAPHNE. (*Enters Right; curtseys*) Ah, foster Daddy!

ADOLPHUS. Ah, foster Daughter! What can I do for you this sunny afternoon, Daphne?

DAPHNE. More than you expect, Father, (*Firmly*) I want a hundred dollars' worth of greenbacks.

ADOLPHUS. What, has a friend's latest Parisian cloak or an Alaskan seal tipped excited my little girl's envy? Eh?

DAPHNE. No, Daddy, I care little for folderols, but I saw a family in the most impoverished circumstances. One hundred dollars would buy them all the vittles they need.

MARKHAM. (*Aside*) How she has blossomed into womanhood! Napoleon, why have you not noticed this before?

ADOLPHUS. (*With grimace*) Of course I would rather you spent it on yourself, but I know that you, the sweetest girl on earth, can be stubborn as a mule when I fail to support your charities. Well, here it is. (*Blows powder out of money he extracts from wallet.*)

DAPHNE. Thank you, Father, those poor people will bless you.

ADOLPHUS. (*Turning to MARKHAM*) Now, Markham, order my lawyers to extract the last pound of flesh from old Bosworth. Let it be a lesson to any of my associates who turn against me.

DAPHNE. (*Stepping forward, appealingly*) Father!

(*WARN Curtain.*)

ADOLPHUS. Markham, on second thought I prefer to leave Bosworth enough to make a new start. (*DAPHNE is satisfied. Aside to MARKHAM*) I'll give him enough rope to hang himself. (*FIRE ALARM rings.*)

MARKHAM. Fire!—The Blue Birds will get the jump on us. I'll see you after the blaze, Mr. Vanderpool. (*He rushes out Left. DAPHNE rushes to window up Right.*)

ADOLPHUS. Another fire— He seems more interested in going to blazes than in handling my stocks.

DAPHNE. (*Waves from window, then comes down R. to audience. Aside*) Harry Howard rides by on his engine. (*Crosses back to window.*)

ADOLPHUS. (*Aside*) This rivalry between volunteer fire companies must stop. I shall speak to Mayor Wickham about it.

DAPHNE. (*Crosses down to audience r. Aside*) How young he seems to risk his life in daily danger. Why does my heart beat so every time he rides past this window and fixes his large brown eyes upon me?

ADOLPHUS. Oh— That reminds me, Daphne, I have purchased a box for the Fireman's Ball to be held at the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street.

DAPHNE. So far uptown, Father!

ADOLPHUS. Yes, my dear. They say it will be quite a splash. All the creme de la creme of New York will be there, but I presume you would find it frivolous.

DAPHNE. No, Father, I think I will attend the Fireman's Ball this year.

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE V.

ACT ONE

SCENE VI

Fireman's Ball at the Academy of Music:

One drop. The scene is painted to represent the view of the dance floor from the gallery, so that the backdrop is painted to represent the upper half of the walls and the ceiling of the hall. The ceiling is covered with drapes, and the iron pillars painted at intervals bear decorative iron "shields" with the insignia of the various companies. A beaverboard chandelier is lowered from above.

At Curtain, laugh from ALL discovered on stage. NOZZLE, GIRLS and Boys, JENNY and Boy, walking, talking. LAUGHTER off stage.

NOZZLE. (*Indicating off Right*) Who is that fascinating creature in red? She has every eligible bachelor at the ball in her train.

1ST BOY. That is the notorious Vesta Violet.

1ST GIRL. Vesta Violet!

1ST BOY. She has just returned from a tour of all the fashionable watering places of Europe.

2ND GIRL. It is whispered behind fans that she and Leopold the First—

1ST GIRL. The First?

2ND GIRL. The First! (*LAUGHTER off stage. Ad lib. Enter VESTA with MARKHAM and MEN down Center from Right 2.*)

VESTA. But she is very naughty la song. Besides, I am not prepared to sing.

MARKHAM. So much the better.

VESTA. Well, if you insist. (*Hands music to leader of orchestra which plays vamp*) You know it's all the rage of tout les pays Continental?

SONG—“Doin’ the Waltz”

VESTA.

What is the rhythm that's taking the world
Like Richmond was taken by Grant?
What is the rhythm that's shaking the world
And shocking your old maiden aunt?
What is the dance of the ages?
Tho' it may drive you to ruin?
What is the latest of rages?
What is it everyone's doin'?

Chorus

Doin' the Waltz!
Doin' the Waltz!
Is it the style?
Well, I should smile.
Here is a dance
Made for romance.
Cupid assaults
People who waltz.
Grab a girl—start to whirl
And encircle her waist
At the place where she's laced.
Sure as you live
She will forgive
All of your faults
Doin' the Waltz.

GIRLS.

If you want to court her
And support her,
Then three-quarter is the time.

ENSEMBLE.

You'll find it will be
Easy as one-two-three.

GIRLS.

Whisper in her ear that
When she's near that
You can hear that
Wedding chime.

ENSEMBLE.

Then, when she's your bride,
Gaily through life you'll glide.

BARITONE.

Polkas are through,
Square dances too.

BASS.

Put them in vaults
And do the waltz.

1ST TENOR.

Gay young cadets
Spurn minuets.

2ND TENOR.

Even old salts
All do the waltz.

ENSEMBLE.

Grab a girl,
Start to whirl
And encircle her waist
At the place where she's laced.
Sure as you live
She will forgive
All of your faults
Doin' the Waltz!

PRINCIPALS.

For life

CHORUS.

Is a dance.

PRINCIPALS.

Will have

CHORUS.

Of romance

PRINCIPALS.

No faults

ENSEMBLE.

Doin' the waltz.

(*All exit, leaving MARKHAM and VESTA*)

MARKHAM. (*Presenting bouquet—small horseshoe*) Allow me to present these unworthy rosebuds as a token of esteem from the Entire New York Fire Department.

VESTA. The Entire New York Fire Department? Pray, does that include one Napoleon Markham? (*Playing with a rose, she twists it from its stem and hands it to him.*)

MARKHAM. Always in the vanguard. (*Holding rose and fac-*

ing front) A gay and flighty butterfly—I must add her to my collection. (*To her*) Charming goddess, were it not for the press of people here, I could prove that in a moment.

VESTA. (*Coquettishly drawing back*) Sir, you insult my maid-
enly modesty.

(Enter HARRY and MOSE, Right 1.)

HARRY. Sir, how dare you insult this lady's maidenly mod-
esty?

MARKHAM. What, you here?

VESTA. (*To HARRY*) Your insinuations, sir, are vile beyond
belief.

HARRY. (*Thunderstruck*) But I thought you said your maid-
enly modesty needed protection—

VESTA. I do not need a common fireman to protect me from
a gentleman's gallantry.

HARRY. (*Going aside, to MOSE*) Gallantry she calls it—I am
sure he does not mean well by her, and yet she does not object.
A peculiar lady.

MOSE. She is what dey call de dashing type.

HARRY. Well, I am not interested in her. (*Aside*) I must
dodge from Mose and see if my particular lady is about.
(HARRY exits R.2.)

MOSE. (*Aside*) The lad's in love. I know it. (MOSE exits
Right 2.)

VESTA. (*Giving hand*) My address is Seventeen Astor Place.
You must drop in for a dish of tea when you have a fire in the
neighborhood.

MARKHAM. I shall consider it a duty. (*Aside as he scribbles
on cuff*) Seventeen Astor Place.

VESTA. (*Aside*) He is Markham, the dashing broker. The
strong right arm of the Fox of Wall Street. I begin to see
profit in this association. (*To him*) Your gallantry, Mr. Mark-
ham, would do credit to a much older culture. It reminds me of
my happy days in Baden Baden. (*Aside*) Little does he know I
am wanted by the police in Walla Walla. (*To MARKHAM again*)
I can't say as much for the rest of your society—(*Indicating
off Right*)—with the possible exception of that elderly gentle-
man in the box there. And who is that ravishing girl with
him?

MARKHAM. That is Daphne Vanderpool, and the gentleman
is her foster father, the Fox of Wall Street, my employer. I am
privileged to be his closest associate.

VESTA. Has he no son?

MARKHAM. Haven't you heard the famous story of the disappearance of the child, Henry, the Vanderpool heir?

VESTA. No. Tell me more, Mr. Markham. (*They start to exit Right 2 as JENNY enters.*)

MARKHAM. Delighted!

JENNY. Ah, Mr. Markham!

MARKHAM. Jenny! (*To VESTA*) Excuse me a moment. (*VESTA exits Right 2. Aside*) The girl who lives next to the firehouse.

JENNY. Yes, Jenny! Last season I was the belle of the Fireman's Ball. This season I am forgotten.

MARKHAM. Do not despair—we shall be together again as in the old days. (*They bow to each other. He exits Right 2.*)

JENNY. The old days! They never come back— Deceived once again! (*Cries*) Frailty, thy name is woman.

(Enter NOZZLE Right 1; sees her weeping; is touched. COUPLES begin to enter here. Waltz MUSIC played under dialogue.)

NOZZLE. Isn't youse having a good time, Ma'am? Come, now. Why, youse is the girl who was havin' such a gay time at last year's Fireman's Ball. (*She weeps afresh*) Ma'am, could I bring you something?

JENNY. Why could I not have fallen in love with a man like this, humble but happy? (*To him*) Sir, what can you offer me?

NOZZLE. An honest fireman's heart!

JENNY. What could be better? Let us dance and be merry, for tomorrow is another day. (*Both exit dancing off Right 2.*)

HARRY. (*Enters Left 1; crosses to Center*) What keeps me here?

STOOGE. The management!

HARRY. I have searched in vain for Daphne Vanderpool, the girl who so strangely reminds me of my mother, but can find her no place. (*Starts to cross up Center.*)

DAPHNE. (*Enters Right 2; crosses down R.*) Harry Howard!

HARRY. (*Crossing to DAPHNE*) At your service, Ma'am.

DAPHNE. How lucky to have the opportunity of thanking you for helping me across the hose.

HARRY. The knowledge of a good deed are the only thanks and reward an honest fireman asks.

DAPHNE. You are a brave fireman, Mr. Howard.

HARRY. In the face of a blaze, perhaps, but not in the face of a—pair of blue eyes. (*Aside*) Have I said too much?

DAPHNE. (*Quickly*) No!—That is to say, it sounds very pretty.

HARRY. I feel that I have overstepped my bounds. I shall withdraw. (*Starts Left.*)

DAPHNE. (*Holding up her dance list and stopping him*) I have saved this waltz for—Harry Howard. (*HARRY crosses to DAPHNE; starts to waltz. Waltz to Center. Then he stops, looking at her appealingly. All other couples have filtered in by this point and dance.*)

HARRY. What a cruel barrier is class distinction!

(*WARN Curtain.*)

DAPHNE. But surely you are going to rise in the world. America is a land of opportunity. The bottom today, the top tomorrow. (*Dance again to extreme Left—stop.*)

HARRY. I intend to rise, but only after struggle and hardships. What sort of life has a fireman's bride?

DAPHNE. (*Aside, ecstatically*) A fireman's bride! Oh, what ecstasy! (*Crosses to Left Center.*)

HARRY. (*Rhetorical*) Would a lady share my struggles?

DAPHNE. Would she, Mr. Howard? Would she? Indeed she would!

HARRY. (*Aside*) An unanswerable argument. (*Dance to Center.*)

NOZZLE. (*Enters Right 1. Running in*) Harry, Harry, Harry!

HARRY. (*Crossing to Nozzle*) Nozzle, my boy, what is it?

NOZZLE. (*Catching his breath*) Fire!

HARRY. Where?

NOZZLE. The Chemical Works!

HARRY. (*As NOZZLE runs off Right 1*) Get the boys! (*Boys begin to take off dress suits, revealing red firemen's shirts underneath.*)

DAPHNE. The Chemical Works, oh, horrors! Full of combustibles, a veritable deathtrap. (*Observes them stripping*) Mr. Howard, this is too much!

HARRY. (*Disclosing his red shirt and fireman's boots beneath the ball costume*) A fireman must be vigilant, Ma'am. Off, boys, off to Murgathroyd Chemical Works!

SONG—"We're Off"

We're off to fight the fire,
 We've really got to hurry on.
 We're off, we're on our way now
 And we're off to save the day now,
 And we're off as we said prior,
 The time has come to scurry on,
 We're off, so don't delay us,
 'Cause we're off and naught can stay us,

So we're off, we're off, we're off.
We're off, oh, yes, indeed.
We're off in full regalia,
We're off, the bell is ringing
And we have no time for singing
'Cause we're off with all due speed,
We're off and we won't fail ya'.
Our duty now to act is,
So we're off, we're off, the fact is
That we're off, we're off, we're off,
We're off,
We're off,
We can't get away fast enoff,
We're really not so slow
As fire fighters go,
As fire fighters go,
We go
And so
We're off. (*At last they go.*)

END OF ACT ONE

House LIGHTS up.

OLIO as per program or as arranged.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Acker, Merrall and Condit's Soda Parlor:

The backdrop shows a corner of the soda parlor, with two large close-paned windows at back Right Center and Left Center. "Acker, Merrall and Condit Co." is inscribed in gold on the wall above the moulding. The bar is L-shaped, each arm about four feet long, and is placed up Center, with room behind it for the actors to pass through. Bar chairs for each Acker, Merrall and Condit girl are placed downstage of it.

GIRLS discovered down Left.

FIRST GIRL. Oh, here come those brave Blue Bird boys!

SECOND GIRL. They've been fighting the fire at the Chemical works for the past twenty-one hours. (GIRLS cross to fountain chairs, Left, as BLUE BIRDS enter Right 2.)

NOZZLE. When that burning wall at the Chemical Works started to fall down, I thought we was all facing eternity.

HARRY. We owe our lives to Mose, for his experienced ear detected the first sounds of the cracking wall. (BLUE BIRDS all clap MOSE on the back as he hangs his head shyly.) Men, this is the first opportunity we've had to celebrate my being made foreman.

MOSE. Yes, for saving a widow and six orphans—not to mention a grandfather's clock.

HARRY. I want you all to have soda-water with me. (They cross over and sit at Right of fountain. GIRLS ad lib. admiring remarks. HARRY, clapping hand on counter) Well, boys, what will it be?

MOSE. Make mine a sarsparilla.

1ST BLUE BIRD. Me too.

3RD BLUE BIRD. I want a nectar sherbert.

HARRY. Well, Nozzle—

NOZZLE. Could youse give me a raspberry and hock phosphate?—No, wait. I should like a lemon-seltzer— No, no,

wait— (*To HARRY*) I just can't seem to make up my mind.

HARRY. Remember the ten-cent limit!

NOZZLE. Very well. I know just what I want. (*Bangs counter authoritatively*) Bring me a small ginger—(*His voice trails off apologetically*)—beer.

HARRY. (*After thoughtful pause*) Oh, well, I guess Nozzle is entitled to a little dissipation.

NOZZLE. (*Sighing with relief*) Thank you, Chief!

(Enter DAPHNE, Left 1. GIRLS cross to DAPHNE, Left Center.)

DAPHNE. Girls, girls, girls! The preparations have all been completed for the temperance rally at Clinton Hall. We must all put our shoulders to the wheel to make this affair a gala occasion. Are you with me, girls? (*Chorus of approval*.) No potential friend of moderation must be neglected— Ah, look, firemen! (*She sees them for the first time*.) I am happy to see those brave soldiers of safety partaking only of nature's juices after completing their heroic deeds. We must approach them with an invitation to the temperance rally.

GIRLS. (*Almost over-anxious*) Yes, yes! We must.

(*WARN Curtain.*)

DAPHNE. But how to do it without overstepping the bounds of propriety? First I will order myself a refreshment. These over-elaborate concoctions are not good for the stomach. Bring me a plain soda and water. (*Sits at lower end of Left half of fountain. HARRY has been sitting at lower end of Right half, only the menu-card blocking their view of each other. SODA CLERK removes it. They recognize each other. HARRY faces front.*)

DAPHNE. (*Sees HARRY. Crosses down Center*) It is Harry Howard.

SONG—"Do My Eyes Deceive Me"

Verse:

Beg your pardon if I seem to stare,
But I can't believe you're really there.

Beg your pardon if I seem to be a bit confused,
But I'm not used to you.

Only yesterday I dreamed in vain,
But today you've made my future plain;
Only yesterday my heart was ageing on the shelf,
No wonder that I ask myself:

Refrain:

Do my eyes deceive me,
Would my heart betray me,
Or are you
The angel who appears in all of my day dreams?
Do my eyes deceive me,
Are these tricks they play me,
Or are you
My dream come true? Is this the bliss that it seems;
Tell me are you made out of moonbeam lace?
Tell me will you fade
When I try to embrace you
And will my friends believe me?
Will they think I'm crazy,
When I swear
That you were there
To hold and kiss and see
Or are my eyes deceiving me?

DAPHNE. Mr. Howard, I want to ask you a favor.

HARRY. Before you open your lovely mouth, it is granted.

DAPHNE. We are promoting a tremendous temperance rally at Clinton Hall. Would your brave boys like to come?

HARRY. Would they? Let's ask them. Boys, would you like to join the temperance rally at Clinton Hall?

(*BLUE BIRDS cross down Right Center.*)

Boys. Would we? I should smile!

NOZZLE. Bully for the Temperance Girls!

DAPHNE. I shall come to the firehouse tomorrow afternoon and bring you the pledge to sign. Until tomorrow afternoon, then— (*Exit DAPHNE Left 1.*)

HARRY. She is coming to the firehouse. Boys, you must scrub the engine and make the brass shine as it has never shined before, for Daphne Vanderpool is coming to the firehouse! ("Hip, Hip, Hooray!" from ALL.)

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE I

ACT TWO

SCENE II

Interior Vanderpool Mansion. Same as Act I, Scene IV.

Enter VESTA, Right 1, followed by BEDLINGTON.

BEDLINGTON. Whom shall I say is calling?

VESTA. Madame Vesta Violet. Here is my card. (*Crosses Left.*) Will you tell your mistress that I have come to offer my humble contribution to the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Firemen's Benevolent and Protective Association of which she is president.

BEDLINGTON. Very good, Madam. (*He exits Right 1.*)

VESTA. At last within the lair of the Old Fox. I've done well by myself since I arrived in this fair city. Within one short month, Markham has become my pawn. He will be the key with which I unlock the doors to the Vanderpool millions.

HARRY. (*Off Right*) Harry Howard, at your service, sir.

BEDLINGTON. (*Off Right*) Will you wait in there, sir?

VESTA. Ah, the very young man who was paying court to Daphne Vanderpool at the Fireman's Ball. Is he too after the Vanderpool millions? We shall see.

HARRY. (*Enters Right 1*) This is the room from which she gazes out when I ride by on my engine.

VESTA. How do you do, Mr. Howard?

HARRY. How do you do, Ma'am? (*Sees portrait on wall*) May I take the liberty of asking you—who is that man?

STOOGE. John L. Lewis.

VESTA. Why, that is a portrait of Mr. Vanderpool as a youth.

HARRY. (*Taking out locket tied about his neck; comparing it with the portrait*) Strange, would you not say, Ma'am, that both these portraits are strikingly similar?

VESTA. (*Takes locket from HARRY*) How came you by this?

HARRY. It was given to me by my mother, now dead.

VESTA. (*Aside*) He is the long-lost son Henry, the Vanderpool heir.

HARRY. She cautioned me to treasure it as a thing of great value.

VESTA. It is fairly valuable as such knick-knacks go. It belongs to Mr. Vanderpool. He tried for years to recover this talisman, which I understand has a sentimental value. (*Takes out a roll of bills from her stocking*) I'm sure he would authorize me to pay you five hundred dollars for the decoration.

HARRY. (*Holding up his hand in refusal*) No, if it belongs to Mr. Vanderpool, I'm glad to be the means of returning it to him.

VESTA. You are a very commendable fireman, Mr. Howard. (*Aside*) Things are happening quicker than I expected. Now to get rid of this handsome fireman. Mr. Howard, I am in trouble.

HARRY. Why, Miss Violet!

VESTA. I have a feeling that you can be my confidant.

HARRY. What?

VESTA. "Friend" in English. Can you be my confidant? Can you, Mr. Howard?

HARRY. (*Nervously*) Why, Miss Violet, I don't know what to say.

VESTA. (*Throwing her arms about his shoulder*) We women—we women, Mr. Howard, are not all selfish. Sometimes we gladly bestow on others what we would tenderly cherish for ourselves.

HARRY. (*Breaks away. Crosses down Right. Aside*) Can she mean?

STOOGE. Yup!

HARRY. What a heady perfume! It staggers all of my senses. My ammunition is gone with which to withstand her battery of fascination. But how to escape from this Circe. Collect yourself, Harry, my lad. (*To VESTA*) What can I do for you, Miss Violet?

VESTA. Save me from Mr. Markham!

HARRY. What!

VESTA. He has sworn to make me his before next Saturday night. I dare not oppose him—you saw what happened at the Fireman's Ball—he has gained control of my poor widowed mother's securities. Only you can help!

HARRY. Truly?

VESTA. Truly! Everyone else fears him; and *he* fears *you*. One word from you could save me.

HARRY. One word from me? (*Swept on by her.*)

VESTA. (*Hanging on to him closely*) One word from you!

HARRY. (*Aside*) Can I leave her to the tender mercies of a Markham? (*To her*) You shall have it.

VESTA. Sit down—and write.

HARRY. (*Sitting at table Center and chewing on quill*) What shall I say?

VESTA. (*As he looks up questioningly*) Write as follows: "To whom it may concern"—to whom. "Dear Sir—" (HARRY copies, the quill scratching audibly) "Your actions towards Miss Violet of late express an evil intent. Vesta Violet belongs to me. A word to the wise suffices." Signed, "Harry Howard."

HARRY. (*Handing her note*) At your service, Ma'am.

(*WARN Curtain.*)

VESTA. (*Depositing it in bosom of her dress*) You have done me a greater service than you realize.

HARRY. But the phrase, "Vesta—" (*Coughs*) "Miss Violet—belongs to me"?

VESTA. That is what will frighten Markham.

HARRY. Yes, but is it not a falsehood?

VESTA. You are right. (*Starts to return note*) Is it not worth a falsehood to save me from a fate worse than death!

HARRY. Yes, it is! (*Enter DAPHNE, Right 1.*)

VESTA. (*Glimpsing her, and embracing HARRY*) My benefactor!

DAPHNE. Mr. Howard! You here! (*Turns her back on them*.)

HARRY. (*Rushing to her Right*) I assure you I can explain everything, Miss Vanderpool. (*DAPHNE crosses to Center*.)

DAPHNE. (*Aside*) Can I believe him? Shall I allow him to speak? (*To her, sternly*) Madame Violet, you will await me here. Mr. Howard, I will listen to your explanations in the conservatory. (*She exits, Left 2, nose in air, he following sheepishly*.)

VESTA. (*Crosses to Right, then to Left on line*) She believes him, but when she sees this note—(*Hitting her breast*)—she will sing another tune, ha! ha! I have got the note, and something more important. Yes, I think I can find a use for this bauble!

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE II

ACT TWO

SCENE III

Inside the Firehouse:

A back drop. A thin band of painted brickwork running down the middle of the drop is the only indication that the audience is seeing two separate rooms simultaneously. The Left side is the RED HEART room, and is decorated accordingly with a plaque, etc., while the BLUE BIRDS have the Right. Each firehouse has appropriate equipment painted on the walls, while the hindquarters of a horse protrude from the wings on either side of the stage. The horses have manila-rope tails that thrash spasmodically. There is a real table and two chairs on each side of the "wall."

MEN in Red Heart side carousing. Other side, HARRY worried; couple of MEN listening at wall. LAUGHTER on Curtain.

HARRY. What can we do about those drunken Red Heart Hose Boys? When Miss Vanderpool comes and hears them,

what opinion can she have of our Volunteer Fire Department?

NOZZLE. Suppose we go in and clean them up. All they've done all day is drink and play too.

MOSE. (*Belligerently settling cap on one side*) If dey want a muss they'll get one.

HARRY. No, no. That is against regulations. However, as foreman, I am allowed to enter their precinct and reason with them. (*Crosses line to RED HEARTS.*)

MOSE. Go ahead in and reason.

HARRY. You know it is against regulations to drink, boys. No one likes a bit of clean fun more than myself. But there's no place for firewater in a firehouse.

A RED HEART. We're allowed to have a nip if we are wet.

HARRY. Are you wet? (*Approaches MAN, who retreats. Feels his shirt.*) Dry as a bone. Ah, here comes Miss Vanderpool. I must hide these signs of debauchery from her sheltered eyes. (*Finds bottle in MAN's shirt.*) Give me the bottle. (HARRY, aside) I will hide it so as to conserve your reputation. (*Hides it in his own shirt.*)

DAPHNE. (*Enters Left 1*) Ah, Mr. Howard!

HARRY. At your service, Ma'am.

DAPHNE. I will not intrude indelicately, but I should request that all members of your company that will come to Clinton Hall for the temperance party, sign this little pledge. (*Unfurls long scroll.*)

HARRY. Why, certainly, but this is the Red Heart Company, and Napoleon Markham is foreman here.

MARKHAM. (*Entering Left 1*) Quite right, and I should like to know how dare you enter here, Howard, after my repeated warnings against setting foot in our precincts.

HARRY. (*Crossing to him. Confidentially*) I will explain my presence later.

MARKHAM. I demand that you tell me instantly.

HARRY. That is impossible. (*Indicating DAPHNE.*)

MARKHAM. (*Crossing to her*) Ah, Miss Daphne Vanderpool, forgive my attending to duty in your presence.

DAPHNE. No, it is I who must be forgiven for intruding on your business hours. I merely wished to invite such members as care to sign the pledge against alcohol.

MARKHAM. As care! They will all sign the pledge or answer to me—every man Jack of them. My company is selected entirely from men whose lips have never touched alcohol—

DAPHNE. (*Overjoyed*) Then they will be all the more willing to sign.

MARKHAM. Men, take formation. (*They line up drunkenly*

behind table. DAPHNE crosses and lays scroll on table.) Sign!
 (FIRST RED HEART hiccups violently.)

DAPHNE. What is wrong? Is the man ill? (*She approaches him. He opens his mouth, but his breath makes her feel faint.*)

MARKHAM. I am sorry, Miss Vanderpool. We will get at the bottom of this. Belcher, give an account of yourself. (FIRST RED HEART belches. DAPHNE crosses down Left.) How came this liquor in the firehouse?

RENSSELAER. A man brought it in a bottle.

MARKHAM. What man?

RENSSELAER. That man there! (*Points to HARRY, who has been standing aside, Right Center, hoping DAPHNE would not discover the men's drunkenness.*)

HARRY. That is a gross fabrication.

DAPHNE. It is utterly ridiculous. I know that Mr. Howard is not a drinking man.

RENSSELAER. Then look in his shirt, Miss, and you will find the bottle he has been enticing us with.

DAPHNE. That is not necessary. I will take Mr. Howard's word. Will you swear that you have no bottle concealed in your —tunic?

HARRY. I cannot honestly do so. (*MARKHAM slips behind him; takes out bottle from HARRY's shirt which he triumphantly holds aloft.*) Allow me to explain—

MARKHAM. So that is why you refused to account for your presence here. I have found the sneaking fellow who has been plying my men with drink to render them unfit for service.

DAPHNE. (*As HARRY is about to fight*) I believed your protestation in the soda fountain—I believed your explanation in the conservatory. What a fool I was! Remove yourself from my sight—for it makes me blush for my own gullibility.

MARKHAM. Go. (*Exit HARRY to Blue Bird side.*)

DAPHNE. I will disregard the interruption. And now I must go next door. Those poor fellows are no doubt sadly in need of me. (*Trying to control tears.*)

MARKHAM. No, no, those wretches next door are far beyond even your delicate persuasion, Miss Daphne. Pray do not trust yourself therein, for even I would not dare to guarantee your safety.

DAPHNE. Really, how kind of you to warn me! Then I will hurry home— (*Aside*) My heart is breaking. (*Exits Left 1.*)

MARKHAM. I must follow up my advantage. (*Exits Left 1.*)

NOZZLE. (*To HARRY*) Did you succeed?

HARRY. I only succeeded in breaking my heart.

MOSE. You think you have troubles? (*WARN Curtain.*)

HARRY. What is the matter, Mose? Are you in love too?

MOSE. No, it ain't love—it's me mother.

HARRY and NOZZLE. (*Together*) It's his mother.

SONG—“Mother Isn’t Getting Any Younger”

When I first remember Mother dear
She was young and gay and spritely.
She could wield a mop and drink her beer
And she beat up Father nightly.
But I’m very sad to state
I’ve been noticing of late

Mother isn’t getting any younger.
In fact she’s getting older ev’ry day.
I noticed as I watched her at the washtubs
That silver threads had crept among the grey.
Mother isn’t getting any younger,
And though I say it with a sob
I guess I’m gonna have to take a flier
And look around and see about a job!

Mother isn’t getting any younger.
The fellows at the poolroom all agree
That when they call around for Sunday dinner
Her cooking isn’t what it used to be.
Though it seems a dirty deal to hand Ma,
In fact my eyes begin to blur,
I guess I’m gonna have to write to Grandma
And ask her if she’ll let me live with her.

Chorus:

Poor old Ma, how’m I gonna break the news?
Gonna go ‘way— What will she say?
I’ll bet she gets the blues.
Poor old Ma—gonna lose your blue-eyed boy.
Drop a teardrop in your beer.
For poor old Ma!

Encore:

Mother isn’t getting any younger.
She doesn’t do the work the way she should.
I noticed it the night I held the lantern
To help her out while she was chopping wood.
Mother doesn’t seem to want to bother,
In fact she’s getting kind of stale.
I guess I’m gonna have to live with Father
And share his quarters at the County Jail.

Repeat chorus:

Poor old Ma, etc.

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE III

ACT TWO

SCENE IV

Office of Vanderpool and Izzard, Wall Street:

One drop, painted to give the effect of a large but rather bare brokerage office. Except for a calendar and a door marked "Private," the walls are unbroken, not forgetting a window painted at Left. Two stock tickers are painted up Right, with slits to admit the passage of tape, fed through from backstage. There is a real table and chair at Center.

ADOLPHUS. (*On at rise, at ticker*) 70-71-72-73-74. Our unknown operator has now entered the bear trap. We will know his name when it is read on the floor of the Exchange for failing to meet his commitments. 74-73-72-71-70.

MARKHAM. (*On at rise*) I will telephone the floor of the Exchange. (*He lifts receptacle built into table—shaped like an earphone but used both for speaking and listening. First he puts it to his mouth to talk, then to his ear to hear, repeating what he hears. He thus reports a two-way conversation to the audience*) Slote, Markham speaking. (*Puts phone to ear and repeats, facing front, what he hears*) Yes, Mr. Markham. (*Talking into phone, louder to indicate that he now speaks for himself*) Something horrible has happened, Mr. Markham. (*Changing phone quickly*) What? (*Ditto*) Stock is shooting up. I cannot understand.

ADOLPHUS. What price?

MARKHAM. (*Repeating into phone*) What price? (*Listening*) 146.

ADOLPHUS. We had best cover and retreat.

MARKHAM. (*Repeating into phone*) We had best cover and retreat. (*Listens*) Very good, Mr. Markham. (*Drops phone*). Escaped us again!

ADOLPHUS. He will not avoid me forever.

MARKHAM. (*Crossing Right*) The man knows our next move sooner than ourselves. (*Exits Right 1.*)

VESTA. (*Enters Left 1. Aside*) I believe I have discovered the mysterious source of Markham's income. First I must

tackle the old Fox. (*Crosses to ADOLPHUS. Squirts perfume at him.*)

STOOGE. Tally-ho!

ADOLPHUS. (*Walks Left, past her, saying*) Lunch! (*Turns to her, noticing her for first time*) Madame, what is your pleasure?

VESTA. I am Mrs. Prestongrange. I have come to see Napoleon Markham.

ADOLPHUS. What can Napoleon Markham do for you that I can't do? (*Recovering his dignity*) These are business hours, Madame.

VESTA. (*Crosses down Right*) I wish to buy some stock.

ADOLPHUS. (*Following her*) What stock?

VESTA. New York Central. (*Aside*) That will do as good as any.

ADOLPHUS. How much?

VESTA. One thousand shares.

ADOLPHUS. But, Mrs. Prestongrange, why do you buy New York Central when everyone else sells?

VESTA. I have given my promise not to divulge those reasons.

ADOLPHUS. (*Aside*) This attractive female—(*Sniffs*)—with the heady scent—(*Sniff, sniff*)—VESTA sneezes. *Tosses ADOLPHUS a red handkerchief which he pockets*) Thank you!—has undoubtedly a confidential source of information about a pool in Central. The Commodore is evidently up to a bit of hanky-panky. And what a time for a pool, with the price so low! (*Shouts*) Markham!

VESTA. (*Aside*) The Old Fox is biting at the hook.

ADOLPHUS. Markham!! (*MARKHAM enters Right 2. Crosses to Center*) Buy one thousand shares of New York Central for Mrs. Prestongrange. (*Lowers tones*) And buy ten thousand shares for us. (*Aloud. MARKHAM sees VESTA for first time*) This is Mrs. Prestongrange for whom the order is made. I will leave you now. She will give you the business. (*Exit ADOLPHUS Right.*)

MARKHAM. Mrs. Prestongrange! Why do you not call yourself by your right name?

VESTA. But it is my right name. I was married to Captain Prestongrange. He was lost five years ago in a Burmese Insurrection.

MARKHAM. Nevertheless, I have told you repeatedly not to come near this office.

VESTA. I am here for a very good reason, Markham.

MARKHAM. Indeed? And what reason?

VESTA. I have discovered the identity of the mysterious antagonist of the Fox of Wall Street.

MARKHAM. How interesting, my dear Vesta! I should like to know who he is.

VESTA. Need you ask?

MARKHAM. What do you mean to infer?

VESTA. I infer that it is Napoleon Markham now standing before me.

MARKHAM. Unmasked! She knows all. (*To her*) Well, you have me in your power.

VESTA. Come, come, Napoleon, don't look so tragic. It may not be as bad as you think.

MARKHAM. What do you want of me?

VESTA. It's very simple. Marry me and your secret will be mine. (*Shakes hands*) Together, the Vanderpool millions will be ours.

MARKHAM. But how?

VESTA. Look at this! (*Shows locket*.)

MARKHAM. Indeed? And what is it to me?

VESTA. That is a likeness of your father as a youth.

MARKHAM. My father, dear me, how touching! (*Crosses in front of Vesta, Right*.)

VESTA. I suggest that you exhibit it to your father, for it is well known that the Fox of Wall Street possesses a sentimental streak.

MARKHAM. (*Turning*) The Fox of Wall Street!

VESTA. Your father! Surely you remember the story you told me of the vain search for Henry Vanderpool, the long-lost son?

MARKHAM. (*Fascinated*) Yes.

VESTA. This is the last remaining link between that son and recognition. (*He tries to seize the locket, but she holds it out of reach*) I have the power to grant you the Vanderpool millions, or expose you to the Old Fox.

MARKHAM. (*Back to her Left*) Not the whole of the Vanderpool millions, my dear Vesta. You forget Daphne, his foster child, and as I know from his solicitors, his main heir.

VESTA. Daphne! Then you must marry her.

MARKHAM. What? Marry you both? That's bigamy!

STOOGE. But it's fun!

VESTA. Not at all, dear Napoleon. Our marriage will be in secret. No one need know, and after the Old Fox dies you can send her packing, and we can flee to Brussels. (*Gives MARKHAM locket*.)

MARKHAM. But she's in love with Harry Howard!

VESTA. I have a remedy for that too. Show this to the virtuous Daphne. (*Gives MARKHAM note*.)

MARKHAM. "Vesta Violet belongs to me." Signed, "Harry Howard." My dear Vesta, I believe I have the solution. I know that Daphne Vanderpool is sailing on the Albany Packet at six. I will accompany her unbeknownst, and before the ship has left the town of Yonkers in its wake she shall be mine.

VESTA. Quite right, Napoleon. But first you must tackle the Old Fox—remember. (*Exits Left 1.*) (*WARN Curtain.*)

MARKHAM. Ah, here comes the Old Fox now, or I miss my guess. (*ADOLPHUS entering Right. MARKHAM kneels in his path; opens wide his arms*) Father!

ADOLPHUS. How do you do? (*Recognizes him*) What is the meaning of this? How dare you, sir, address such an impertinence to me?

MARKHAM. It is the truth, sir, but I have kept it secret for many a year, and it merely escaped my lips suddenly on seeing your beloved face, my secret no more.

ADOLPHUS. How? What? (*Aside*) I can see no resemblance here. (*To audience*) Can you?

MARKHAM. My poor Mother, on her deathbed, gave me this locket, naming you as my father, but exhorting me to keep her secret and make my own way in the world. (*Shows locket.*)

ADOLPHUS. (*Aside*) The very same! (*To him*) But, sir—my wife, on leaving me, was in the direst circumstances. You have always been a wealthy young man.

MARKHAM. She fled with me to Paris, impoverished, where the wealthy Mr. Markham was kind enough to marry her and bequeath his fortune. He died soon after, bestowing on me his name, and she followed to his grave. (*Pretends to shed a tear.*)

ADOLPHUS. (*Suspiciously*) And how old are you, sir?

MARKHAM. My Mother never told me. (*Aside*) A close shave.

ADOLPHUS. I shall investigate your story, sir.

MARKHAM. Goodbye, Father!

ADOLPHUS. Goodbye—Mr. Markham! (*Exit MARKHAM Left 1.*) Markham's claim seems valid enough, but they don't call me the Old Fox for nothing. I shall employ Pinkerton operatives to investigate. Paris, so far away—Markham's claim has brought back the past to me in all its vividness. Ah, memories—memories—!

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE IV

ACT TWO

SCENE V.

The Battery:

A drop, with river and rock row. The drop shows the Hudson and Jersey shore, with a full moon in the sky. The water row is about three feet high, with the rock rows masking the ends. Up Left is a prop sign, "Ye Albany Packet—Sails every night," with a cluster of luggage at its base, and a flower row of hollyhocks downstage of it. Rosebush down Right. Spooning COUPLES. BOAT WHISTLES at Curtain.

Enter HARRY, followed by MOSE, Right.

HARRY. Since I have resolved to see no more of Miss Vanderpool, the former haunts of my carefree youth have no more allure.

MOSE. Harry, would yez like to finish that game of croquet? You was dead on me when the alarm rang.

HARRY. Another time, Mose.

MOSE. The lad's in love. I know it. (*Exits Right 2. COUPLES kiss. HARRY sees them.*)

HARRY. (*Aside*) What makes the blood pound so wildly in my temples? This is no night to be alone.

(*DAPHNE and MARKHAM enter Left 1, followed by BEDLINGTON.*)

SONG—"It's a Lovely Night on the Hudson River"

Verse:

Evening has found us
In old New York town.
A summer night is on its way
Though all around us
The tall buildings frown,
The stars above are bright and gay
And they seem to say:

Refrain:

It's a lovely night on the Hudson River,
The boats are steaming along,
And the moon shines bright on the Hudson River,
The breeze is singing a song.

When the cares of the
Day-time are ended,
Find your intended and say:
"It's a lovely night on the Hudson River,
So let's get under its spell."
And when you deliver
The kiss you give her,
The Hudson River won't tell.

(HARRY and CHORUS exit after song.)

MARKHAM. Remember, Bedlington, I want you to carry my luggage on to the boat without Miss Vanderpool's knowledge.
(BEDLINGTON exits Left 1. MARKHAM crosses up Center.)

(Enter JENNY, veiled, Right 1; crosses Left; gives note to DAPHNE secretly and exits Left 1. NOZZLE has entered Right 1, following JENNY.)

NOZZLE. Dat beautiful girl from de ball is following some people. I shall follow her in turn. (Hides down Right.)

DAPHNE. (Crosses down Right) Shall I open it? No, if her purpose were honest, why did she act so stealthily? (Goes up Right, pondering. MARKHAM turns back as JENNY, entering Left 1, seizes his coat tails.)

MARKHAM. Who are you?

JENNY. Your memory is short, Mr. Markham. Perhaps the somberness of my attire is ill-suited to your holiday mood.
(She unveils her face.)

MARKHAM. Jenny! (Conscious of DAPHNE.)

JENNY. What! Not glad to see me?

MARKHAM. (Trying to head her off) Yes, yes, to be sure, Jenny.

JENNY. My face was once so welcome to you on a beautiful spring evening when we sailed up the Hudson. Now it is another spring, and another face sails up the Hudson.

MARKHAM. (Trying to stand between her and DAPHNE) No—only yours, Jenny.

JENNY. No, it is a younger, fresher, purer face. Perhaps I should tell her that once I was young, once I was fresh, once I was—(Pauses)—pure.

MARKHAM. No, no! Go and wait for me at McSorley's Tavern—you remember McSorley's Tavern, Jenny?

JENNY. (Aside, clutching her heart) McSorley's Tavern! How that name brings back memories, bitter-sweet!

MARKHAM. (*Drawing her to him with one arm*) As soon as the ship sails, Jenny, I will hurry to your side.

JENNY. How my bones turn to water when he speaks to me like that. I cannot deny him. (*To him*) Adieu, dear Nannie!

MARKHAM. Hush, Jenny, even the bushes have ears. (*Exit*
JENNY, *Right 1*. NOZZLE follows her.)

DAPHNE. (*Who has been deliberating all this time*) I am consumed by curiosity. I must open it. (*Does so and reads*) "Beware of your companion." (*MARKHAM comes to her side. She hides note in her bosom.*) Goodbye, Mr. Markham. It was very kind of you to conduct me here safely. (*She gives him her hand.*)

MARKHAM. Thank you, Miss Vanderpool, but not goodbye. I am to be your companion on the Albany Packet. (*Kisses her hand.*)

DAPHNE. You, Mr. Markham! (*Crosses Center.*)

MARKHAM. (*Putting arms around her*) Certainly. Would not think of you traveling on the Albany Packet unprotected—I have reserved an adjoining stateroom.

DAPHNE. (*Facing him*) Mr. Markham, I beg of you, do not persist in this ungentlemanly resolve.

MARKHAM. Too late. I have an important business appointment at my farms tomorrow morning. (*Grabs her arm.*)

DAPHNE. Then I must remain.

MARKHAM. No, no, I promised your guardian to put you on the Albany Packet—(*Proceeds to drag her back and forth*) and put you on I will. (*Throws her Right.*)

DAPHNE. (*She crosses to Right 2*) Help! Help! (*Crosses to Center, where MARKHAM grabs her.*)

(HARRY and MOSE enter Right, 1.)

HARRY. (*Sticking head up over profile bush*) This is too much! But dare I intervene? I made a fool of myself before Markham at the Fireman's Ball. Perhaps she too thinks he is being gallant. (*At this point MARKHAM has a double armlock on her, in a compromising attitude.*) (*WARN Curtain.*)

MOSE. (*Seeing all*) Harry lad, yez are not going to let that Markham carry her off without a muss.

HARRY. (*Facing front, mind made up*) No, never! (*Starts to roll sleeves.*)

MARKHAM. You are coy now, my pretty one, but wait until you get on the Albany Packet, ha, ha, ha!

DAPHNE. (*Crosses to Left Center. MARKHAM follows*) Is there no one present to save a poor innocent girl's character?

HARRY. There is one, Ma'am! (*Crosses to MARKHAM.*)

MARKHAM. What, you here again!

HARRY. At your service, sir. (*Knocks him down. SLAP off stage.* MARKHAM staggers out Left 1. HARRY, supporting DAPHNE as she stands weakly) Forgive me for circling your waist with my arm, but you seem not to have recovered from that blackguard's attentions.

DAPHNE. Oh, how quickly everything happened. I tremble to think where I might be now if not for your timely rescue. (*BOAT WHISTLE.*)

HARRY. There goes the boat, and that scoundrelly Markham with it.

MARKHAM. (*From behind bushes up Left*) That's what they think, but Napoleon has not yet met his Waterloo! (*Exits Left 2.*)

DAPHNE. Was that a voice I heard? Is there a figure lurking in the shadows?

HARRY. No, it's only the moonlight on the waters.

DAPHNE. What magic there is in the air tonight!

(*Reprise last 12 bars of "Hudson River."*)

MARKHAM. (*Appearing during chorus and holding note threateningly over HARRY and DAPHNE*) It may be a lovely night on the Hudson River, but I still have my trump card! (*He crosses out Right, as chorus of song resumes.*)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT TWO

OLIO as per program or as arranged.

'ACT THREE

SCENE I

*Vanderpool and Izzard, Brokers.
Same as Act II, Scene IV.*

MARKHAM at office, swathed in ticker tape. A pile of ticker tape on floor Right Center. CROWD NOISE at Curtain. VESTA enters Left I.

VESTA. What does this crowd mean? I have been trying to reach you for the past two hours but could not get through the mob. Tell me what's wrong?

MARKHAM. When Mr. Vanderpool left for Dobbs Ferry little did he suspect that he was giving me the opportunity of seizing the Vanderpool millions at one blow.

VESTA. How dare you act without consulting me?

MARKHAM. There was no time. Daphne had eluded me on the Albany Packet and this was our last chance.

VESTA. What have you done? (*VESTA takes ticker tape up Right and crosses down Center.*)

MARKHAM. I have led a campaign of selling shorts against Central stock that has brought the forty-three States of the Union to the brink of panic. Two short hours ago the farmer on his farm, the banker in his bank, the tradesman in his trade, went blissfully on with his accustomed tasks recking not one whit that two short hours later, ruin would be staring him in the face. Now only the Vanderpool holdings in Central stand between the market and utter destruction.

VESTA. What a fool I was to marry you! What do you mean to do now?

MARKHAM. Now I'll unleash those. (*Goes to telephone on table Center*) Slote. (*Listening*) Yes. (*Speaking*) Sell Central. (*Listening*) But the bottom will fall out of the market if Vanderpool sells. (*Speaking*) My orders are to sell—sell—sell! (*Drops telephone; rushes to ticker; drags out tape.*)

VESTA. (*Reading tape*) This will mean panic. Thirty-nine.

MARKHAM. Thirty-seven.

VESTA. Thirty-five.

MARKHAM. Twenty-five.

VESTA. Fifteen—

MARKHAM. Ten. If this continues until three o'clock, I will be the richest man on the street. (*Consults watch.*)

VESTA. And it is now—

MARKHAM. Twelve minutes to three. This has been Blue Monday for a lot of poor fools, eh, Vesta?

(Enter ADOLPHUS, Left 1. *Stares from MARKHAM and VESTA.*)

ADOLPHUS. (*Briskly*) Luckily some jackass tried to derail the train at Harlem—said the Central Railroad had wiped out his savings. I chartered a good old-fashioned horse and buggy and got back in the nick of time. Eh, Markham? (*Crosses to table.*)

MARKHAM. Yes, yes, of course, Mr. Vanderpool.

ADOLPHUS. Well, what's our position? (*Taking off coat.*)

MARKHAM. Do not worry, sir. I have given orders to sell all our Central stock before it's too late. (*WARN Curtain.*)

ADOLPHUS. What! Fool! No wonder there is panic on Wall Street. We must buy!

MARKHAM. Very well, sir. I'll give the orders!

ADOLPHUS. (*Grabbing the telephone*) I'll give them. (MARKHAM *rushes to ticker tape*) Slote, how much Central do we have? (*Listening*) All sold out? (*Speaking*) What is it now? (*Listening*) Sixteen. (*Speaking*) Very well. Take every security we have, take all my cash, all my assets, and buy—buy—buy! (*He drops the telephone.*)

MARKHAM. Seventeen.

VESTA. Nineteen.

MARKHAM. Twenty-one.

VESTA. Twenty-five.

MARKHAM. Thirty-five.

VESTA. Forty-five.

ADOLPHUS. (*Standing aside, not even looking at the ticker*) Fifty-five.

MARKHAM. Sixty-five.

STOOGE. Bingo!

ADOLPHUS. (*Consulting watch*) It is now three o'clock. I have completed a good day's work. Outwit the Old Fox, would they! (*Exits Left 1.*)

VESTA. So your little plan didn't succeed? (*Crosses Left.*)

MARKHAM. No. I imagined I could be Fox of Wall Street, and so I was—Fox for a day. But tomorrow comes the reck-

oning, when the real Fox puts the price way up out of reach, and I cannot cover my shorts.

VESTA. That is something you will have to attend to without me this time. (*Exits Left 1.*)

MARKHAM. Vesta! (*Collapses on table*) My only hope is Daphne Vanderpool.

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE I

ACT THREE

SCENE II

*Street in front of the Vanderpool Mansion
Same as Act I, Scene IV.*

MARKHAM enters Right 1; stops Center. DAPHNE enters Right 1. He stops her.

MARKHAM. Miss Vanderpool, I have been waiting for you.
DAPHNE. For me, Mr. Markham?

MARKHAM. I must speak to you.

DAPHNE. (*Crosses down Left*) Really, I cannot imagine any topic of conversation that could interest us mutually.

MARKHAM. This concerns a lady friend of mine—and Harry Howard. I received the following note from him. (*Gives her note.*)

DAPHNE. To whom it may concern—to whom— (*Reading*) “Dear Sir: Vesta Violet belongs to me. A word to the wise suffices.” Signed, “Harry Howard.” Oh, that perfidious fire-chief!

MARKHAM. We are both lonely hearts, deceived by the ones we thought we loved. I still possess a little farm on the western shore of the lordly Hudson. If you would not disdain to live a peaceful life there with me—

DAPHNE. A peaceful life, Mr. Markham! How much it is to be desired!

MARKHAM. Daphne, the Albany Packet leaves tomorrow at six. Will you sail with me to Haverstraw?

DAPHNE. Shall I or shall I not? You must give me a moment to commune with myself. (*Crosses Right.*)

MARKHAM. (*Aside*) I believe I have finally won her. With her fortune I cheat disgrace.

DAPHNE. He wants me to go with him. My heart says no; my heart says I am still in love with Harry Howard. But can

I give in to his dishonest love? No, never will I become just a fireman's flame. But what does my conscience say?

STOOGE. Get off at Yonkers.

DAPHNE. Nothing? Then I must decide for myself. (*To MARKHAM*) I've made my decision, Mr. Markham. I shall renounce the world and enter a convent. (*Crosses up Left.*)

MARKHAM. Foiled again! Napoleon, they have you at bay. (*Exits Left 1.*)

JENNY. (*Enters Right 1*) I saw Napoleon Markham's handsome profile flit by me on the darkened street. (*Crosses to Left 1.*)

DAPHNE. Jenny!

NOZZLE. (*Enters Right 1*) Miss Vanderpool, I almost ran into Jenny in Gramercy Park and I had to follow her, even if it ain't very gentlemanlike.

DAPHNE. Jenny, this man loves you. Why do you continue to trifle with his affections?

JENNY. I would not willingly hurt the tiniest of God's creatures, but I simply cannot make up my mind whether to accept his proposal of marriage yet.

DAPHNE. Do not delay. Oh, believe one who knows. I speak from sad experience. I loved a man once and now he is lost to me. (*Cries and exits Left 1.*)

JENNY. Mr. Nozzle, what have you to say to me?

NOZZLE. Well, I'm not a talker. I'm not a scholar.

SONG—"I Like the Nose On Your Face"

NOZZLE.

Verse

I'm not a critic, when people talk art,
I'm paralytic, don't know how to start.
I'd never claim, dear, to know a Van Dyke,
But just the same, dear, I know what I like. And

Refrain

I like your hair and the smile that you wear,
Not to mention the nose on your face.
I like your talk and the way that you walk
When you follow the nose on your face.
My eyes reveal that you've got an immense appeal
That you can't just conceal 'cause it shows on your face.
Heavens above, can't you see I'm in love?
It's as plain as the nose on your face.

JENNY.

Verse

From what you say, sir, I know you like me.
 But tell me, pray, sir, is that all you see?
 Here's what I mean, sir. If you'd used your eyes
 You would have seen, sir, that I feel likewise. And

Refrain

I like your grin and the shape that you're in,
 From your toes to the nose on your face.
 I like your eyes and the sound of your sighs
 And the tilt of the nose on your face.
 My heart I risk, for its beating is twice as brisk
 At the touch of each whisker that grows on your face.
 Heavens on high, can't you see, you're the guy.
 It's as plain as the nose on your face.

(CHORUS enters Right and Left 1. JENNY and NOZZLE dance.
 CHORUS routine. CHORUS exits Right and Left 1. ADOLPHUS enters Right 1.)

ADOLPHUS. Behold yonder majestic pile of stone—it is mine. What a fitting monument to leave behind me when I go. "Vanderpool's Folly," they called it—but now it has become a landmark of old New York City. Not a single fire-escape mars its symmetry. I swore never to buy steel after the Commodore cornered it. I suspect Markham's claim and I suspect his actions also. I have employed Pinkerton operatives. Their report is due tonight. Aha! I see someone has left my window open. (*Crosses to door on drop—turns*) On second thought I think I shall go in the back way. (*Exits Left 2.*)

MARKHAM. (*Enters Right 1*) The Old Fox just entered his house. Shall I throw myself on his mercy? My only alternative is a watery grave. (*WARN Curtain.*)

VESTA. (*Enters Left 1 hurriedly*) Napoleon! I've been searching for you. Thank Heaven you're here.

MARKHAM. Why here?

VESTA. I have an idea.

MARKHAM. What do you want with me? You have bled me white. Look what your evil machinations have brought me to.

VESTA. Have you ever thought what a pity it would be if the Vanderpool mansion would burn down?

MARKHAM. What do you mean?

VESTA. With the Fox and Daphne Vanderpool out of the

way, there would be no one to dispute your claim to the Vanderpool millions.

MARKHAM. But that means murder.

VESTA. Not at all, my dear Napoleon. We are merely discussing the case of an elderly gentleman unfortunately trapped when his house accidentally catches fire.

MARKHAM. It is clearly a way out. I know the Vanderpool mansion. The Old Fox and Daphne both sleep on the third floor.

VESTA. Third floor!

MARKHAM. In case of fire, they would have only one chance in a million of escape.

VESTA. One chance in a million! (*She exits Right 2.*)

MARKHAM. (*Takes cigar; lights match to cigar*) A dangerous invention, the sulphur match. (*Crosses up to Mansion with blazing match; starts to apply it to backdrop.*)

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE II

ACT THREE

SCENE III

'Same as 'Act Two, Scene III.'

Interior firehouse. FIREMEN of both companies asleep. Enter MARKHAM Left; crosses Left Center.

MARKHAM. When I left the Vanderpool mansion it was blazing merrily. Now to get my men there first to see that the blaze is not extinguished. (*Awakens RED HEARTS*) I was lucky to have seen the fire before an alarm was sent in. Now if we can get the horses out quietly and harness them in the street we get the jump on the Blue Birds. (*They exit Left. NOZZLE enters Right, listens and awakens BLUE BIRDS.*)

NOZZLE. Harry, something funny is going on here—de Red Heart boys has went out on a still alarm.

MOSE. We'll follow them. (*He jumps up.*)

HARRY. No, boys, we must wait for an alarm. That is the regulations.

NOZZLE. But—

HARRY. If there is a fire, it will come. (*GONG rings. All spring up.*)

MOSE. That's it, and they got the start on us!

HARRY. But we can still catch them! Fall in! Forward march!

SONG—“We're Off”

(*All sing.*)

We are really not so slow
 As fire fighters go,
 As fire fighters go.
 We go and so— We're off.

(*Exit Right.*)

(*BLACKOUT—GONGS ring.*)

END OF SCENE III

ACT THREE

SCENE IV

THE FIRE ENGINE RACE

Panorama of Broadway:

At the American Music Hall a cyclorama was stretched around the entire horseshoe-shaped balcony, depicting the Broadway of the period, and the two engines can be seen racing to the fire. Where this is not practical the engines can race across the front of the stage before a drop. The engines should be in profile and made of beaverboard. Another way of doing the scene is described in the Notes on Production in the back of this book.

ACT THREE

SCENE V

Street in Front of the Vanderpool Mansion:

A drop with house row and spectator row. The drop is a plain cyclorama, with the house row set downstage of it. These houses are in miniature, and in the third (top) floor of the “Vanderpool Mansion,” Center, two windows are cut through. There is a silhouette row of spectators, about four feet high, downstage of this. There are hydrants at Right Center and Left Center, the former being covered by a barrel when the scene begins.

Night, SMOKE coming out of two windows, RED LIGHT and

FLAME effect. RED HEARTS have hose attached to hydrant Left Center. BOWERY B'Hoy seated on barrel over hydrant Right Center.

MARKHAM. Ha, ha, an old Red Heart trick! Ah, the house is doomed! We had best wet down the dwelling next door to save the rest of the neighborhood.

RENSSELAER. You mean you will allow the Vanderpool mansion to burn?

MARKHAM. I know my duty, sir!

(Enter HARRY, Right, with MOSE and BLUE BIRDS.)

HARRY. The Vanderpool mansion! A horrible suspicion enters my mind—is Daphne in there? (*Anxiously*) Mr. Markham, are you not going to put out the fire in the Vanderpool mansion?

MARKHAM. Remember, Mr. Howard, I arrived first and according to regulations the hydrant is mine. (*Viciously*) Find one for yourself.

MOSE. (*Belligerently*) If dey wants a muss dey'll get a muss.

HARRY. Not now, Mose. We have no time for brawling. There must be another hydrant. (HARRY looking right into the BOWERY B'Hoy's eyes. To MOSE) I know that face—Wait, he is one of Markham's runners.

MOSE. I smell a rat. (*Looking straight at BOWERY B'Hoy*.)

HARRY. (To BOWERY B'Hoy) What are you doing here, my good fellow?

MOSE and BLUE BIRDS. (*Who have come up on the other side, the Right of BOWERY B'Hoy, insinuatingly. Together*) If you wants a muss you'll get a muss. (*Before the BOWERY B'Hoy has a chance to answer, MOSE lifts him from the barrel and knocks him into the wings, Right, with barrel. Hydrant disclosed.*)

HARRY. Number One butt, attach your hose. (NOZZLE and BLUE BIRDS attach hose to hydrant Right Center and play stream.)

MARKHAM. (*Worried, approaching HARRY*) You had better wet down the houses on the other side, Howard, or this horrible blaze will engulf the whole city.

HARRY. But suppose someone lies perishing in the Vanderpool mansion?

MARKHAM. They are all away to the country.

ADOLPHUS. (*Leans out of third-story window*) Help! Succor! Help!

HARRY. (*To MARKHAM*) Lying scoundrel! (*Dashes out Right 2.*)

VESTA. (*Enters Left 1.*) And so the unknown heir, Harry Howard Vanderpool, vanishes in the funeral pyre of his father. How prettily my little plan is working out.

(HARRY comes rushing in, Right 2, carrying ADOLPHUS, and sets him down. DAPHNE now leans out of the window and cries for help.)

DAPHNE. Help—Harry Howard— Help!

HARRY. Daphne in that blazing furnace! Strength, do not fail me. (*Exits Right 2.*)

VESTA. He'll never make it this time—the house is ready to crash.

MARKHAM. He's going in the back way.

ADOLPHUS. God grant that he may save her.

NOZZLE. (*Looking off Right*) He's never failed—it's Harry Howard! He's coming down the side. (HARRY comes rushing in Right 2 bearing DAPHNE in his arms.)

DAPHNE. How dare you, sir, put your arm about my waist?

HARRY. (*Taken aback*) It was done in the line of duty, Ma'am.

DAPHNE. (*Aside, seeing VESTA*) True, he saved my life, and yet why does the thought of his paramour, that woman there, arouse my unreasoning anger?

ADOLPHUS. Daphne, why do you act so towards your foster brother, Henry? (*General surprise*) Yes, Daphne, Harry Howard is none other than my long-lost son, Henry Vanderpool. (*Takes out locket*) And this locket—

HARRY. Was given me by my dying mother—

ADOLPHUS. (*Face front*) My wife!

HARRY. (*Going to him*) Father!

ADOLPHUS. (*To DAPHNE*) Do you still spurn a man now recognized as a rightful Vanderpool?

DAPHNE. (*Bitterly*) Yes, he is a rightful Vanderpool, heir to a great fortune—but what else? (*Goes to MARKHAM.*)

MAYOR. (*Enters Right 1 and comes to Center*) The finest fireman New York has ever seen!

ADOLPHUS. Mayor Wickham!

MAYOR. Yes, Mayor Wickham. I have had my eye on Harry Howard for a long time. Ladies and gentlemen, the volunteer fire companies are to be abolished! (*All FIREMEN present remove their hats. MOSE clutches his heart*) And the first Fire Chief of the New City Fire Department will be Harry Howard!

HARRY. (*After another look at DAPHNE in MARKHAM's*

arms) Mayor Wickham, I regret that I must decline this great honor. I have foresworn the world. The rest of my days will be devoted to Charity.

VESTA. Come, Napoleon. I still have a little nest egg.

MARKHAM. We can start our life over again in some remote watering place.

STRANGER. (*Entering Left 2 with COP*) That will be impossible.

MARKHAM. And who may you be, my good man?

STRANGER. Captain Prestongrange, late of the Burmese Insurrection.

MARKHAM. Not the Captain Prestongrange to whom she was once married?

STRANGER. (*Politely*) The very same.

MARKHAM. But she is married to me.

STRANGER. (*Matter-of-factly*) That makes her bigamous.

ADOLPHUS. Aha! Hoist on her own petard! Stop! Officer, seize that man and woman! Arrest them for murder, mayhem, arson and bigamy!

MARKHAM. It's a lie!

COP. Tell it to the Judge.

VESTA. No, no, unhand me. Let me go. It's a plot! (*Cop carries her off Left 1 screaming. MARKHAM goes with them.*)

HARRY. Now am I forgiven, Daphne?

DAPHNE. It is I who must be forgiven, but I do not deserve it, Mr. Howard.

ADOLPHUS. (*Puts DAPHNE'S hand in HARRY'S*) Now I have fulfilled my debt to Michael Izzard, by making his daughter happy.

MOSE. Did you say Michael Izzard?

ADOLPHUS. Why, yes.

MOSE. My daughter!

EVERYONE. *What!*

MOSE. Michael Izzard was my brother.

EVERYONE. *What!*

(*WARN Curtain.*)

MOSE. My story is a strange one. Many years ago, my brudder disappeared under an assumed name. One evening there was a knock on the door. "Who are yez?" I asked. "Your brudder," wuz his answer. We wuz starvin', so I turned my baby girl over to him. Until now I never seen her since.

HARRY. Now I am to take her away from you again. Mayor Wickham, have you withdrawn your offer?

MAYOR. You mean you will accept the appointment to be New York's first Fire Chief?

HARRY. Harry Howard at your service, sir. (*To DAPHNE*)
And at your service, Ma'am.

SONG—Finale

ENSEMBLE.

Heavens above, can't you see they're in love?
It's as plain as the nose on your face.

(Enter MARKHAM and VESTA Left 2. They cross down Center
as the ENSEMBLE sings.)

So, ladies, take a tip from the fireman's flame,
From traveling men be aloof,
But if you take a flier
With a South Chicago buyer,
Then he sure the darned hotel you pick is fireproof!

(Curtain is dropped and raised immediately. Entire ENSEMBLE
steps down stage and sings)

Do my eyes deceive me?
Are these tricks they play me?
Or are you the angel who
Appears in all of my day dreams?

Will my friends believe me?
Will their laughter slay me
When I swear that you were there
To hold and kiss and see,
Or are my eyes deceiving me?

CURTAIN

MUSICAL NOTE

The following songs are published separately. We can supply same at 50¢ each per copy:

“I Like the Nose On Your Face”

“It’s a Lovely Night On the Hudson River”

“Do My Eyes Deceive Me?”

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

NOTES ON PRODUCTION

The front curtain at the original presentation of *The Fireman's Flame* showed the burning of Barnum's Museum, flame bursting from the windows and attendant excitement.

As speed is essential in the production of this play, black-outs should be used whenever possible except at the ends of Acts.

The olio numbers can be any popular songs and dances of the period or later, and can be rendered by members of the cast or by people in the audience who can perform at the orchestra or on the stage before the curtain. In the New York production the audience sat at refreshment tables and the waitresses sang the olio numbers, while the leading singer sang from the stage. It can all be done according to the facilities at hand.

The following letter will show how easily the scenic end of the play can be handled.

"You asked me to let you know how *The Fireman's Flame* registered with our audience and I am pleased to write you that they liked it very much. If 'box office' is a criterion, we had the best in six years. I can highly recommend it to organizations looking for a light, pleasant novelty to vary their program. On first reading it will probably seem hopelessly difficult with its six scenes in the first act, five in the second and five in the third, but it really is not, as about a dozen back drops crudely painted in the old-fashioned way with furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac, etc., painted on them are the main requirements. Three stationary wings on either side, an olio curtain (which is desirable but not necessary), a crude V-shaped counter for the drug store scene and a few profile pieces for bushes in the Hudson River scene are all that are needed except in the race scene. This can be as elaborate or simple as you may desire. We did it with two rollers about six feet high and about twenty feet apart around which we had cloth painted to represent a street scene. Two slots in front were arranged for the two fire-engines which were of profile about three feet

high. As the curtain rose the street was revolving around the rollers, fire bells were clanging, the orchestra was adding to the excitement and when the first fire-engine appeared, followed a moment later by the second, it almost 'brought down the house.' I hope to revive the play next year.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Robert Stevens,
Director, Rochester Community Players."

If circumstances demand, the same drop can be used for the "Vanderpool Mansion" in Act I, Scene 4, Act III, Scenes 2 and 5. The row of spectators can be pushed on for Scene 5 or can be eliminated.

When desirable, drapes may be used for some of the scenes. In the New York production there was community singing after the play, the Leader selecting old-time songs in which the audience joined.

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME
PROPERTY LIST
ACT ONE

Scene I:

Hand:

3 White pails with Blue Bird insignia.
6 Assorted mops and brooms—Blue Birds.

Scene II:

Set:

Old rocking-chair.
Bird whistle.
Portmanteau.

Hand:

Trumpet—HARRY.
Locket—MRS. HOWARD.
Spectacles—MRS. HOWARD.

Scene III:

Hand:

Blackjack—RENSSELAER.

Scene IV:

Set:

Fire hydrant.
Red Hose.
Blue Hose.

Hand:

Trumpets—HARRY and MARKHAM.

Scene V:

Set:

Fancy gold table and chair.

Hand:

Wallet with money—VANDERPOOL.
Pince-nez—VANDERPOOL.
Cards—VANDERPOOL.

Scene VI:

Hand:

Fans—GIRLS.
Horseshoe of roses—MARKHAM.

EFFECTS FOR ACT I

Gongs, bird whistles, smoke box, slap-sticks.

'ACT TWO

Scene I:

Set:

Six high chairs and soda fountain.
Menu card.

Hand:

Looking-glass bags—GIRLS.

Scene II:

Set:

Same as Scene 4, Act I.

Hand:

Inkwell, ink-quill pen, paper.
Locket—HARRY.

Scene III:

Set:

2 Tables, 4 chairs.
Hind-end of horses (2).

Hand:

Bottle—RED HEARTS.
Scroll—DAPHNE.

Scene IV:

Set:

Table with speaking-tube.
Ticker tape.

Hand:

Red handkerchief—VESTA.
Watch—VANDERPOOL.

Scene V:

Set:

Park bench.
Flower row.
Albany Packet sign.
Miniature Hudson River boat with lights.

Hand:

Carpet-bag—BEDLINGTON.
Note—JENNY.

EFFECTS FOR ACT II

Moon box set in Hudson River drop.
Slap-sticks.

ACT THREE

Scene I:

Set:

Pile of ticker tape on floor.
Same as Act II, Scene IV.

Hand:

Cane—VANDERPOOL.

Scene II:

Hand:

Blue glitter noses for GIRLS.
Red glitter noses for Boys.
6 Champagne bottles—NOZZLE.
Milk-bottle carrier—NOZZLE.
Cigar and match for MARKHAM.
Lorgnettes—GIRLS.

Scene III:

Set:

Same as Act II, Scene III.

Hand:

Axes.

Scene IV:

Hand:

Fire engine miniatures.

Scene V:

Set:

Fire hydrants (2).
Red and blue hose.
Barrel.

EFFECTS FOR ACT III

Slap-sticks, gong, smoke box and flame stick.

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME

COSTUME PLOT

(The time of costume about 1880)

ACT I

Scene I:

HOSE BOYS: Red shirts with blue denim trousers. Each has 2 hats, one Blue, the other Red.

MARKHAM: Dark trousers, blue fire-coat, chief's hat.

MISSES CABOT and SNODGRASS: Street clothes of the period.

HARRY HOWARD: Tight brown pants, ragged coat, boy's cap.

Scene II:

MRS. HOWARD: Worn wrapper and mop cap.

HARRY: Same as previous scene with coat and cap removed, showing red fireman's shirt.

Scene III:

MARKHAM: Same as Scene I.

HARRY: Same as Scene II.

JENNY: Street clothes of the period.

FIRE BELLES: Pink tights under Blue Lootard. 2 red plumes for hair. Gold high shoes.

Scene IV:

HARRY: Same as Scene II with fire-coat and chief's hat.

MARKHAM: Same as Scene III.

DAPHNE: Blue print dress, black cape, red lining.

Scene V:

MR. VANDERPOOL: Gray trousers, gray frock coat, wing collar, fancy cravat.

MARKHAM: Dark trousers, black frock coat, wing collar, fancy cravat.

DAPHNE: Same as Scene IV, with cape removed.

Scene VI:

VESTA: Red ball dress, black gloves, fan.

JENNY: Black ball dress, net fan.

DAPHNE: Blue ball dress, dark blue bows for hair.

MARKHAM: Black evening clothes.

HARRY: Black evening clothes.

MR. VANDERPOOL: Black evening clothes.

GIRLS of the ensemble: Ballet dresses (long). All one color with plumes and mitts of a contrasting color.

Boys of the ensemble: Black evening clothes with detachable shirt fronts.

ACT II

Scene I:

HARRY and **HOSE Boys** in red shirts and blue trousers.

GIRLS: White ruffled dresses, puffed sleeves, red striped stockings and white straw pill-box hats with blue bows. They carry small white bags.

DAPHNE: Same as Act I, Scene V.

Scene II:

HARRY: Same as Scene I.

VESTA: Street clothes, black hat with large green plume.

DAPHNE: Pink dress with blue ribbons and bows.

Scene III:

HARRY and **Boys**: Same as in Scene I.

MARKHAM: Same as in Act I, Scene V.

DAPHNE: Same as in Scene II.

Scene IV:

MR. VANDERPOOL: Same as in Act I, Scene V.

MARKHAM: Same as in Act I, Scene V.

VESTA: Same as in Scene II, with black coat.

Scene V:

HARRY: Same as in Scene I.

MARKHAM: Same as in Scene IV, with black Inverness and black flat-top derby.

DAPHNE: Same as in Scene I, with large shepherdess hat.

JENNY: Same as in Act I, Scene III, with black coat, black plumed hat, and veil.

BEDLINGTON: Dressed as a footman. Blue uniform.

GIRLS and **Boys**: Same as in Scene I.

ACT THREE

Scene I:

MARKHAM: Same as in Act I, Scene V.

VESTA: Same as in Act II, Scene II, with full-length cape.

MR. VANDERPOOL: Same as in Act I, Scene V, with gray flat-topped derby.

Scene II:

MARKHAM: Same as in Act II, Scene V.

DAPHNE: Same as in Act II, Scene V, with red hooded cape.

JENNY: Same as in Act I, Scene III.

GIRLS: Print dresses, all different in color, white underskirts, pancake hats of the same material as dresses.

BOYS: Same as always.

MR. VANDERPOOL: Same as in Scene I.

Scene III:

MARKHAM: Same as in Scene II.

Boys: Same as in Scene II, with hats on table.

Scene IV: Panorama of Broadway.

Scene V:

MARKHAM: Chief's hat and coat.

HARRY: Chief's hat and coat.

VESTA: Same as in Act III, Scene I.

BOWERY B'Hoy: Striped sweater, bowler hat.

COP: Coat and hat of uniform of period.

MR. VANDERPOOL: Burned nightshirt over long underwear, with muffler around neck.

DAPHNE: Blue and pink nightdress.

MAYOR WICKHAM: Black frock coat, wing tie, fancy cravat. Black flat-top hat.

STRANGER: English captain's uniform of the period; or walking suit.



GOOD NEWS

MUSICAL COMEDY

By LAURENCE SCHWAB and B. G. DeSYLVIA

Lyrics by B. G. DeSylvia and Lew Brown

Music by Ray Henderson

10 males, 5 females, Singers, Dancers, Musicians, and Extras

GOOD NEWS is sparked with the tunes of the roaring twenties, when pork-pie hats and coonskin coats cluttered the campus. In story and song are recaptured the nostalgic memories of the days when the bobby-soxer was called "flapper" and when a college campus was crowded with jalopies instead of jeeps. The then current collegiate craze was the "Varsity Drag." Against this background of youthful gaiety unfolds the story of Tom Marlowe, college football hero and campus casanova. Tom has flunked his astronomy examination, and things look mighty dark for the team. But then Tom's sweetheart Patricia induces her demure cousin Connie to tutor him. Tom digs in in real earnestness. The upshot of all this is that not only does Tom fall in love with Connie, but the Professor turns out to be tender-hearted after all and passes Tom on the eve of the big game. Then the game itself—what a game! Suspense runs high. Tom finally gets in the game and takes the pigskin across the goal line for the winning touchdown.

Libretto, \$1.25. Vocal Score, \$2.50. (Royalty, \$50.00.)



THE MERRY WIDOW

OPERETTA

Book and Lyrics by CHARLES GEORGE

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

6 men, 12 women, and a mixed singing and dancing chorus
(As many as desired)

One interior set and modern costumes

All the celebrated song numbers are retained. This is a new and modern story of the romance of a dashing and handsome young Prince of the kingdom of Altruria and a beautiful young American widow. The comedy is clever and wholesome. The operetta is not difficult to cast and stage. The music will show your best singers to their greatest advantage. Suitable for any group from advanced High Schools to Civic and Professional Societies.

Libretto and vocal score \$3.00 (Royalty, \$50-\$25.)

An eleven piece orchestration (an all-new arrangement) available at a rental charge of \$10.00 a performance for the use of same, plus deposit.



GOLDILOCKS

MUSICAL COMEDY

By JEAN and WALTER KERR

3 men, 3 women, choruses. 9 sets. 11 musical numbers

Back in the carefree days of the nickelodeon movies there was a producer who had two things: a contract with a beautiful comedienne, and an obsession of one day doing a stupendous, gigantic, ten-minute spectacular film on Egypt. Every cent he makes he spends on fantastic Egyptian scenery. Seeing no profits, his backers tell him that his movie with the comedienne will be the last they will finance. To prolong the backing, the producer prolongs the film. As soon as she finishes the Indians-attacking-the-shack scene, he rushes her over to another set for a climatic cannonade scene at the fort—"a sequel," he explains to her. Then to the deck of a pirate ship—another sequel. Each of the scenes is a gem in itself, with the heroine enduring harrowing adventures clutching her baby, lashed to the mast, etc. The producer's trick serves to keep the actress under contract, to keep her rich fiance away from the scene, and to keep the money coming in for more Egyptian statuary. In the grand finale, the producer has his wish, a spectacular Egyptian scene in the hot Nile sun—except it's the Hudson, and it has started to snow.

In manuscript. (Terms quoted on application.)

DONNYBROOK!

MUSICAL COMEDY

*Book by ROBERT E. McENROE from MAURICE WALSH'S novel
Music and lyrics by JOHNNY BURKE*

9 men, 5 women principals; 18 musical numbers

A wonderfully comic musicalization of the novel from which the celebrated movie, "The Quiet Man," was made. Art Lund had the Broadway part of an American prize-fighter who returned to Ireland to settle down after his last fight—in which his opponent died. With the matchmaking help of Eddie Foy, he woos and wins the hand of a comely Irish lass, but antagonizes her fierce-tempered brother, who has no respect for a man who won't fight back when he's hit. He denies his sister her dowry. This doesn't bother the boxer, but to the bride's thinking she's not married unless she has a dowry. Since he might as well not have a wife at this point, the boxer takes his bride back to her brother and drops her at his feet. And there begins the biggest knock-down drag-out donnybrook of them all. "Donnybrook" is good from the word go."—N.Y. *World-Telegram & Sun*. "Some merry and haunting tunes. A fair rasher of dance and comedy. Musical with a punch."—N.Y. *Journal-American*.

In manuscript. (Terms quoted on application.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

MUSICAL COMEDY

Abe Burrows' adaptation from Jane Austen's "PRIDE and PREJUDICE" and Helen Jerome's play.

Music and lyrics by

ROBERT GOLDMAN, GLENN PAXTON and GEORGE WEISS

14 men, 12 women—seven sets

Mrs. Bennet faces the problem of marrying her five daughters to men of social status and wealth. Not that the Bennetts are impoverished; "We prefer to think of ourselves as un-wealthy." The principal romance is that of Darcy, the social snob, and Elizabeth, who teaches him better manners. He considers her a giddy middle-class bore, while she refuses to cater to his conceit. This intrigues him, and gradually he succumbs to her charms. His eyes are opened, however, when he learns of the audacious ruses by which Mrs. Bennett is arranging matches for her daughters. In the end, Mrs. Bennett's daughters manage to succeed in spite of her. The scenes include glorious balls and colorful garden parties, where many extras may be used, and the lines sparkle. "*'First Impressions'* is rich in family appeal."—*N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun*. "A wonderfully handsome and well-populated romance."—*N.Y. Daily News*.

Libretto \$1.25. (*Terms quoted on application.*)

PETER PAN

MUSICAL FANTASY

By J. M. Barrie

CAROLYN LEIGH, BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN, *lyrics*
MARK CHARLAP, JULE STYNE, *Music*

28 characters, extras—4 Exteriors, 2 interiors

This version of one of the world's most celebrated plays was first produced to critical acclaim on Broadway with Mary Martin in the role of Peter Pan and Cyril Ritchard in the role of Captain Hook, and then later reproduced twice on television, in the first of which reproductions it shattered all previous audience records. And little wonder. Here is all the charm of Barrie, of Peter and Tinker Bell and the children and pirates in Never Never Land, embellished with song. "Bountiful, good-natured . . . A vastly amusing show."—*N.Y. Times*. "A delightful entertainment . . . The young in heart of all ages will love it."—*N.Y. Mirror*. "The musical version of this most endearing of all theatrical fantasies is a captivating show."—*N.Y. Daily News*. "An extraordinarily ingenious wedding of J. M. Barrie's timeless fairy tale with a pleasant and workable score."—*N.Y. Journal-American*.

In manuscript. (Terms quoted on application.)

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